

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLIX.

MARCH, 1857.

No. 3.

S H E L L E Y .

THIRTY years ago a band of four friends was gathered beneath an Italian sun, upon the shores of the Mediterranean, for the performance of the last sad rites for the body of one of the noblest geniuses ever vouchsafed to earth. Upon a promontory, extending boldly out far into the sea, they erected his funeral pyre, and that nothing might be wanting to dignify the mournful rites with the associations of classic antiquity, wine, oil, and frankincense were poured upon it. It was a strange yet glorious spectacle. In front lay the ocean, now serene and untroubled, dashing with a low murmur against the rocks below ; in the back-ground the Apennines heaved up their giant peaks crowned with dark and waving forests ; on the left, far in the dim distance, like a creation of fairy-land, lay the city of Leghorn ; while on the right, a sea of molten silver, stretched out the magnificent bay of Spezzia ; between stood this mourning group with their dead friend. The torch was applied, a flame of surpassing beauty arose to the heavens, and in a few moments all that was mortal of the poet Shelley lay in ashes. Loving hands gathered up his dust and bore it to Rome, where, in a sequestered nook, by a moss-grown wall, the traveller finds his grave.

'The gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning his dust, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble.'

Such was the closing scene in the life of the poet whose genius we would consider.

In Shelley we find almost the perfection of that rare analogy between the author and the man, without some degree of which, not only poetry but all literature is lifeless and destitute of power. There was no such thing as Shelley the *poet* apart from Shelley the *man*. Hence the necessity for glancing briefly at the story of his life. The record will require but little space ; for although he thought he had lived long, and in one sense this was mournfully true, he had seen only twenty-nine years when the blue Mediterranean waves closed over him.

VOL. XLIX.

15

We will start with him at Oxford, for there he was first brought into active contact with the world of men, and there commenced his first struggle. He entered that University at sixteen, and we soon find him startling its self-satisfied orthodoxy by the publication of a pamphlet called 'The Necessity of Atheism.' Had a bomb burst in the midst of this time-honored receptacle of solemn pedantry and graceful mediocrity, it could not have created a wilder confusion. Without one word of the kind expostulation to which his extreme youth entitled him, he was hurled forth from the University as a thing accursed. To Oxford he had become *anathema maranatha* for all time. In England, expulsion from the University is synonymous with the ruin of a young man's prospects for life; and this event ushered in a night of fearful gloom in the life of Shelley, whose shadows extended far into the morning which at last dawned upon him. The treatment of his family, under the circumstances, was injudiciously harsh; he left home and did what all bards have done since the deluge, but what in his case was great folly under the sun — fell in love. A *mesalliance* with a young lady in humble life so exasperated his father, that he broke off all communication with him. The match, as might be expected from the youth of the parties — their united ages amounting to only thirty-two, issued unhappily. A separation by mutual consent ensued. He afterward married a daughter of Godwin, the author of 'Political Justice,' and at last peace and happiness seemed to dawn upon him. But Oxford influence was at work; an avenger far more cruel and blood-thirsty than the Israelite's avenger of blood was upon his traces, the avenger of insulted dignity. The atrocious act of the Court of Chancery, depriving him of the guardianship of his children, upon account of his religious opinions, drove him from England forever. The remainder of his life he spent partly at Venice and partly at Pisa. Passionately fond of boating, he passed the most of his time upon the water; and while upon a pleasure excursion from Pisa to Leghorn, a storm swept over the sea off Via Reggio, and when it passed, the skiff of 'Alastor' was nowhere to be seen. His chequered life was closed.

The genius of Shelley was preëminently abstract and logical. We see this in every thing that he did and in every thing that he wrote. His reasoning is ever coherent; admit his first principles, and it will go hard if he does not carry you with him to his conclusions. Adopt, for instance, his favorite opinion, that there is no moral evil in the nature of man except that which finds itself there accidentally, and we do not see how his inferences, respecting both religion and government, can be well avoided. This characteristic of his genius it was which led him astray, but it also made his life what it was, a true life. He found the whole world bowed in submission before one idea, religion; he would not assent without examination. Unfortunately, his premises were wrong, and the force of his irresistible logic landed him in Atheism. But he had done what every man is bound to do, he had looked at the problem and solved it for himself. His Atheism was the sincere belief of an earnest mind. Christianity was to him a lie, a monster lie, which, like a huge incubus, had overshadowed the world for centuries. He *thought* that he had found the truth; and his was the martyr-spirit

to maintain it in the face of all the world. All his genius and energy were brought to the task. His song is no sweet and intoxicating lullaby, but the war-song of the bard, marching to do battle with what he conceived to be error. He did not, like Milton, 'sit in the pomp of singing robes,' but, to use his own language, 'hovered in verse o'er his accustomed prey.' In the heat of youth, maddened by injustice, he struck at random, and careered against truths older than science or song : in the sober retrospection of after-life he regretted this. But whose was the crime ? To say that it was his own fault, but half answers the question. He had fallen upon evil days ; upon the generation in which his lot was cast, *Pharisee* was branded in deep and staring characters ; and his frail bark was driven out over the dark waters of unbelief without one kind hand being stretched forth for his rescue. But of this, more anon.

Shelley possessed, to a singular degree, that almost priceless boon, the gift of language. Had the language of poetry been his native tongue, he could scarcely have been more expert in its management. His diction, while searching and vigorous, is at the same time musical and polished to a gem-like brilliancy. This rare combination the alike abstruse and profusely imaginative character of his genius demanded, in order to make itself intelligible. Whatever the English language is capable of, Shelley has done with it, and done well. The opening lines of '*Alastor*' are marvellously Miltonian in their majestic march and sonorous harmony, and Milton stands the acknowledged '*Agamemnon king of men*' in English blank-verse. What can be more incompatible with the genius of our language than the Latin hexameter ? It is like the bow of Ulysses, which few could bend but its owner. Even our own Longfellow, who has justly earned the title of 'word-painter,' has succeeded but indifferently well with it in '*Evangeline*.' In the hands of Shelley it yields and becomes light and flexible :

'Linked sweetness long drawn out.'

All his verses, whatever be their form, fall upon the ear like strains of sweet music. Byron was no mean master of language ; but compare his '*Childe Harold*' with the '*Revolt of Islam*,' both in the Spenserian stanza. The one is rugged as the Albanian hills, the other is full of the murmuring melody of the '*Faery Queen* ;' in many parts indeed, almost out-spensering Spenser himself.

We find the poetry of Shelley impregnated with the imaginative character of the south, to a degree scarcely compatible with the metaphysical nature of his genius already referred to. No poet has left a greater wealth of pure imagery. His is *par excellence* the poetry of poets. The world was to him an ever-open book, in which his keen eye, 'glancing from heaven to earth,' daily detected something beautiful and strange. No one was ever endowed with a more exquisite susceptibility to every thing grand or beautiful in nature or art. There is not one of his larger works which is not a complete store-house of beautiful images, and some of his smaller pieces are perfect as the bubble on the fountain. The '*Hymn of Pan*,' the '*Cloud*,' and the choral odes of his Lyrical Dramas, afford a triumphant refutation of the charge often brought against

English poetry, that it is incapable of soaring into the higher regions of lyrical inspiration.

This ideal character of Shelley's poetry has caused him to be associated by many with Keats — we think, erroneously. True, both were enthusiastic worshippers at the shrine of beauty. But beauty was the essence of Keats' poetry ; it was but the adornment of Shelley's. The beauty of Keats is that of an Ionian maid, soft, dreamy, and luxurious. Shelley's is that of Minerva, with her calm blue eyes, her earnest look, her helm and spear. The genius of Keats moves ever in Hogarth's curved lines of grace and beauty ; while that of Shelley, like his own eagle,

Runs down the slanted sun-light of the dawn.'

Both belonged perhaps to the same general school ; but their individuality is complete and well defined. But to return.

The imaginative faculty in Shelley was purely Grecian. Greek literature was with him a passionate delight. His genius was, so to speak, completely saturated with its spirit ; and not unfrequently he infuses into his verses something which, if not like, at least reminds us of the very sound of the language of Pindar and Sophocles. How perfectly has he caught the true tragic fire in his 'Prometheus Unbound,' and 'Hellas ;' and the subdued wail of the old Greek elegy was never imitated by an English poet as he has done it in 'Adonais.' In 'Arethusa,' the skill with which the nymph and the fountain are blended together in our minds as we read, shows what a master he was, also, of that nature-humanizing power by which the Greeks peopled their groves with nymphs and dryads, enthroned Jove upon Olympus, and brought,

'EVEN from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
A beardless youth who touched a golden lyre,  
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.'

Truly it may be said of him, that he 'lit up classicism with the splendor of romance, and filled the cold Greek vase with burning wine, whose glow enhanced the grace.'

As we have intimated before, none but a poet can fully appreciate Shelley. There is in him an esoteric beauty, which only the favored few who have passed within the veil of the temple can detect. We have brought to view, and even these, we fear, very inadequately, only those characteristics which present themselves prominently to every moderately careful student of his poetry ; namely, his keen logic, his almost magic power of language, his brilliant æsthetic faculty, and classical inspiration. A word now concerning his Atheism, and we have done.

Mr. De Quincey, in a brief sketch of Shelley, while justifying the course pursued toward him by the authorities of Oxford, says : 'I am not of the opinion that he could have been bribed back into the profession of Christianity. Like a wild horse of the Pampas, he would have thrown up his heels, and *whinnied* his disdain of any man coming to catch him with a bribe of oats.'\* Here the analytical power which

---

\* 'Essays on the Poets : ' p. 46. BOSTON : TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

'The Opium Eater' is wont to bring to bear so tellingly in his estimations of character, must, we think, have been treating itself to a Homeric nod. We do not acknowledge the justness of the comparison. What does he mean by Shelley's being 'bribed back?' If it is to be taken in its literal sense, we agree with him; he could *not* have been *bribed* to abandon his opinions by any hopes of advantage or preferment. The context plainly shows, however, that this is not what is meant. Mr. De Quincey means to say that Shelley, even at that early age, was an Atheist beyond all hope of redemption; and further, he affirms that his expulsion had no influence in confirming him in his error. Let us look a little at this.

As we have said before, the Atheism of Shelley was not a mere freakish opinion of youth, but a sincere conviction arrived at after sober examination. The title of his first published work, '*The Necessity of Atheism*,' shows his sincerity. He stands, then, at Oxford in the light of a conscientious unbeliever. We cannot see any thing so desperately incurable in his case. To his mind the arguments against Christianity appeared stronger than those for it; and this was the ground of his unbelief. Some attempt should at least have been made to point out to him his error. Minds constituted like Shelley's are ever ready to listen to reason; and surely, Oxford doctors were capable of detecting the flaws in the false premises of a youth of sixteen. But Mr. De Quincey says that he was a mono-maniac upon the subject of Christianity, and therefore all reasoning would only have been wasted upon him. We admit, and he himself afterward admitted, that his views when he wrote '*Queen Mab*' were extremely ultra. We reverse, however, Mr. De Quincey's order of things, and instead of making his fanaticism the *reason* for the summary, Jeddart justice inflicted upon him, we affirm it to have been a legitimate *effect* of his expulsion. Shelley came up to the University bearing in his bosom a certain belief, the reasons for which belief he made public; and his answer was a stigma affixed to his name for life. Is it any wonder that such treatment, coupled with the hollowness and insincerity he saw everywhere around him, should have driven him to violent extremes? We trow not.

Although Shelley was an unbeliever — far be it from us to conceal the fact — yet no one was ever more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of Christianity. What can agree more perfectly with one of the fundamental doctrines of the 'GREAT TEACHER' than the sentiment of those beautiful lines in the dedication of the '*Revolt of Islam*':

'SUFFERING brought the knowledge and the power,  
Which said, *Let scorn be not repaid with scorn!*'

His poetry is full of such instances. Between his life and his religion there was no analogy. His intercourse with men was marked by all that was noble, generous, and disinterested. None knew him but to love him. Even Byron relaxes for a time his settled scorn, while he adds his meed of praise: 'He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of

all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal to the very letter.' What a character! Nothing was wanting but the light within the temple to have made it almost perfect. Such was Shelley. Requiescat in pace!—lightly may the green sod lie upon his 'heart of hearts' beside the old gray wall!

E. N. V.

*Easton, (Pa.,) 1857.*


---

ROOM FOR THE MIGHTY DEAD.

---

BY A SOUTHERN CONTRIBUTOR.

---

## I.

Room for the mighty dead :  
 From cavern, crypt, and battle-field,  
 Where trumpets blew and clarions pealed,  
 And hearts against the foe were steeled,  
 And nerved to die but never yield ;  
 Where rolling thunders burst and fell ;  
 Where swept the storm of shotted fire ;  
 And Freedom wept to ring their knell,  
 And see her sons expire.

## II.

Room for the mighty dead :  
 But not alone for those whose stroke  
 Cleft, as the woodman cleaves the oak,  
 Grim Despotism's ranks, and broke  
 Hell's bigot fortress-gates : invoke  
 From prison-vault and outcast's tomb,  
 That silent, stricken, nameless band,  
 Who met the faithful martyr's doom,  
 And lit, in years of ancient gloom,  
 The lamps that now like suns illumine  
 Great Freedom's Holy Land.

## III.

Room for the mighty dead :  
 For all who died man's heart to free ;  
 For all who never bent the knee ;  
 For all who dared, by land or sea,  
 To strike one blow for Liberty ;  
 For all who bade the world rejoice  
 In Wisdom's radiant avatar ;  
 For all who heard in Heaven the voice  
 Of morning from her star.

*New Orleans, December 24th.*

## A S P I R A T I O N S   F O R   H O M E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The following was suggested on reading an account of the captivity of a beautiful Moorish maiden at the time of the conquest of Granada:

THE eve has come, the twilight's gray  
Is dimming now the sun's last ray,  
Bidding farewell to parting day.  
Far from the distant hill-side floats  
The whip-poor-will's sad evening note;  
The trickling fountain sends its spray  
Of shining pearls to dance and play,  
With blossoming vines unfolding there  
Their perfume to the evening air;  
While from the dark green orange grove  
The fragrant breezes lightly rove,  
Lifting the starry jasmine flower,  
That's drooping in the lady's bower;  
Then dallies with the soft brown hair  
That's straying o'er her forehead fair;  
And then stands bound as by a spell,  
While from her lips such music fell,  
The tones so mournful that they seem  
The echoing of a troubled dream.

Ah! could I see again my native shore,  
And listen to the ocean's song once more;  
Could I but wander once upon that strand,  
And feel my brow by ocean's breezes fanned,  
Then would I be content.

Could I but dream again of childhood's hour,  
Flitting like humming bird from flower to flower,  
My heart as light as thistle-down I threw  
Upon the gentle breeze that softly blew,  
'T would be a sweet relief.

Ah! yes, 't is lovely here; yet still it seems  
As if the music of my mountain streams,  
As they go laughing on their winding way,  
Is sweeter than this trickling fountain's play,  
'T has more of Nature's song.

Oh! tell me not that I am doomed to roam  
Forever from my own loved mountain home;  
Oh! tell me not that never, never more  
I may behold my own dear native shore:  
'T would be too hard a fate.

Yet true, it must be so; I know not why  
Memory brings up to-night those scenes gone by;  
Ah! I had thought that I would never more  
Recount those scenes of happy childhood o'er;  
O Memory! be thou still.



## ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

## LOVE AND FALSEHOOD.

How shall I relate the new experience which made me feel that a whole life of sacrifice would have been for it a sweet recompense, could it have been granted me on no other terms? This was sufficient to live for, to suffer for; and yet, who can tell why a mother has such joy, where there is so much to make her sorrow? She has given birth to a life which is immortal, to one whose well-being and happiness depend on her judicious care and counsel. One would think she would be appalled and shrink from, rather than welcome the responsibility, yet so great is her rejoicing that every other consideration is swallowed up in this: 'I am a mother.' I was not an exception to this experience when I gazed upon the little creature who had given me this new title, and furnished me with this new happiness. Though weak and languid, how strong I felt in the excitement of this strange love. I had, it seemed to me, another lease of life, and my pulse beat warm and quick with the glow of a fresh existence.

Neither was I exempt from the foolish anxiety which every mother exhibits for her fledgeling. How many times I lifted the weight of blanket, quilt, and comforter, enough to crush it, lest it should feel a breath of air — to see if it was actually there, that little baby — my baby, and never could cease to wonder at the mystery of its being. If it lay perfectly quiet, how I started with fear, lest the gentle breath, scarcely at any time perceptible, had departed. How could it be possible that all the complicated operations necessary to life were going on in that frail form? If it nestled I trembled in very terror, so impossible it seemed that there could be strength for motion. Almost afraid of annihilating it, I took the tiny hand and clasped it upon my finger to watch it curl and open unconsciously; and thought, can these ever become the strong, bony knuckles of the man?

A boy-baby! I had never seen his papa walk with that firm, manly step. How plainly I could read the new and peculiar expression that rested on his brow. In a few years he would say: 'My son!'

A boy-baby! It was not unmanly to notice him, even when 'mewling and puking in his mother's arms.' And when his eyes opened, and a gleam of intelligence lighted his features, he would even take him in his arms, and when he had so far progressed as to look around and smile, I was favored often for a whole day with his society.

Not for our sakes only was this sacrifice; oh! no, he was not so unmanly as that; but he had a head-ache, or 'did not feel at all well; he might take cold in the damp office;' so, by some tempting cordial, I convinced him that I had no suspicion of his weakness, and he in return manifested a resignation which might well flatter a loving wife.



With what pleasure I dressed baby in his best frock, just three times the length of himself, with three rows of lace round the bottom, and three rows of tucks between, with waist and sleeves embroidered, and ornamented with stitches so fine that they were not visible even with papa's new spectacles ; then, holding him up, hoped he would grow up to be just like his papa ; and his papa, though he would not be guilty of feeling flattered, did betray a lurking smile that promised no serious dissatisfaction with such a result. We heard a loud noise in the street, and looking out saw a troop of boys quarrelling, with oaths upon their lips. The first deep pang shot through my heart, as I exclaimed : ' Oh ! if he should one day be like them ! ' And my husband said : ' There is no fear that *your* boy ever will.' If the pain did not cease it was soothed by words and tones so full of confidence.

How quickly the year sped away, during which there was not an hour free from care and anxious watching, night and day. But the reward was rich and full. It was not the weariness of loneliness, the aching void of a life aimless and objectless.

To watch a little child through all the gradations of development, is infinite amusement : the first sound of its infant voice, its first smile. Well do I remember with what tears of joy I clasped it to my bosom, when, after a thousand fruitless efforts to attract its attention, a bright red string allured him from his gravity, and induced him to put forth his little hand with a smile of intelligence.

Baby can hold a rattle ; baby can stand alone ; baby can say Papa ; and similar items were the telegraphic dispatches from nursery to parlor, and kitchen, and study, which kept the household in a state of healthy excitement, and furnished occasion for the most hearty merriment, and thence for the most animated discussion.

Aunt Ida began thoroughly to appreciate the difference between laboring for love, and laboring merely to live and thrive, and showed her preference by brightening up as her heart expanded, and by a more sincere and earnest enjoyment, not only of pleasure, but of what she denominated ' the serious concerns of life.' Her piety was of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, which led her to govern her own spirit without attempting to rule others, and to put her faith implicitly in the Bible, the ' Fathers,' and the minister, with about the same confidence in the infallibility of each as the devotee of the ' most holy Church ' has in the Pope, his priesthood and decrees ; though of the latter she had the utmost horror, as being the instruments of all evil. It must be a very extraordinary occasion that rendered her seat vacant in the house of worship, and it must be a very bigoted or reckless spirit that would attempt to tamper with a faith so well grounded, and productive of fruit so wholesome as her whole walk and conversation. How many will recognize the picture as we paint her, in mind, manners, and appearance ! How many have seen her and immediately been inspired with respect by the dress which was her invariable Sunday gear — the plain black silk, white shawl, and Dumstable straw, trimmed with white lute-string, shiny morocco shoes, and fine knit cotton or worsted hose. The little gilt Bible in which to find the text, she carried in her hand, wrapped in the folds of a snowy kerchief, and the white silk gloves

which had been worn every Sunday for years and remained spotless, gave a trim, tidy look to her soft plump hand. We have not said whether she was tall or short, fat or lean, but it is not necessary after so fully portraying her opinions and temperament. She was round and full without being gross, and adhered to the fashion of her youth in the cut of her dress, and the plain book-muslin cap with crimped frill ; for next to actual sin, she deprecated the folly of those who were old and withered, attempting to look fine with the delicate gauzes which were only fit for bloom and beauty.

She had at first no disposition to make acquaintances in the city, being sure that the fine ladies of fashionable society could have no feelings in common with her, which was true, certainly ; but among her acquaintances of the church and prayer-meeting, she found many who appreciated her humble virtues, and with whom she enjoyed the social intercourse, without which no healthy mind and heart can long be content.

Hermits and monks have inculcated a different doctrine, and sentiments which would disparage communion with our kind, are put forth by many in modern days, whom morbid disease has rendered morose, and perhaps unfit for human society. One who was earnestly endeavoring to wean herself from the world, said : ' It is a reflection that never occurs without the bitterest pain. One longs for affection — for an interesting friend to associate and commune with — for an object to love devotedly. Meanwhile the Derry offers His friendship and communion, and is refused or forgotten. There are, too, the sages of all ages : there is Moses, Daniel, Elijah, and we complain of want of society ! ' As to the sages, it may be of use to us to read their words of wisdom ; but for a human, living soul, there is little satisfaction in being confined to communion with those who are forever dumb. The heart would still be conscious of its longing ; ' an object to love devotedly,' would still be ages distant, and the more profound the wisdom of these worthies, the less they might be fitted for our humble companionship. It is no more true, and we say it with reverence, that communion with God can satisfy a longing human soul ; else why did He make us human, and endow us with faculties and feelings which only human intercourse and love can satisfy ? Those who mope in solitude, professing and trying to be happy and content, are warring against nature, and striving for a state never attained in earth or heaven.

My good friend was experiencing the benefit of actual contact with the world. The stories concerning the squalid misery and poverty to be found in cities, were read by one so secluded, without any real understanding of their import, and when she came to see with her eyes, she exclaimed in astonishment : ' I had no idea such things existed in the world.' Like most people, and especially like most women, who have never been exposed to temptation, and never known want of any kind, she had little or no sympathy with the weak or wicked of her own sex, but pronounced their doom with one universal sweep of condemnation.

' How can you think of receiving such a person into your family ? ' said she one day, as she learned I had engaged a seamstress who had

'fallen from woman's high estate,' by the art and falsehood of a villain.

'I receive her because I pity and respect her,' I answered.

'Respect her !' and my good friend looked at me as if she thought I must be insane.

'Yes, I respect her for her humility in misfortune, her quiet, unobtrusive efforts to win esteem, and repair the reputation of which she was so basely deprived.'

'Deprived ! it must have been her own fault. I have no patience with girls of such character. It's only encouraging them to treat them as you do her, and you need n't expect me to have anything to do with her.'

'I leave you always to do as you please, dear Aunt Ida, but I shall be very much grieved if, by marked contempt or neglect, you wound the feelings of a young girl who evidently is fast wasting with the weight of her sorrow.'

Had it not been for her age, and the respect I owed to the friend of many years and through many trials, I should have said in my anger : 'I have little esteem for the woman who can feel thus toward a woman, however low she may have fallen.' But I succeeded in restraining myself, till I was able coolly and kindly to tell the story of her who, it would have seemed, ought to move the sternest heart to pity, if only by her deep dejection and her face so deadly pale. The kindest tones and most conciliatory manner could not win from her a word beyond absolute necessity, and the long dark lashes were never raised from the eyes that seemed to have lost their power to weep, and looked scorched by the fire that was never quenched within. Her history, though new and strange to my friend, would be stale to my readers ; a tale of love and trust and friendship and desolation, leaving the usual wreck of hopes and fame and earthly happiness to one still young and one who had been proud and honored. She lived, deserted by friends and neglected by all, and opened not her lips in accusation of others or justification of herself.

My good friend, though somewhat softened, could not be quite convinced that it was not best for a warning to others, if nothing more, that all who erred should suffer the full penalty of their sin.

'And what shall be done to save men from crime and baseness ? Surely, they are entitled to some consideration. And inasmuch as crime and meanness are more heinous and despicable than trust and weakness, the exertion to remove from them temptation, and punish their guilt, should occupy our first thoughts ?'

'It's just as it is, and we can't help it,' was the reply to the sarcasm she well understood.

'So, if I tell you that the gentleman who called this evening is far more unworthy your regard than the poor girl in the sewing-room, you would not think it necessary to show your abhorrence of his sins to save others from perdition or punish him for his own sake ?'

'It's no use talking,' said she ; 'men are different, and we can't alter things.'

'This I concede, that 'men are different ;' but I think there might be

a little alteration of things, if the Christian spirit by which we profess to be governed were only carried into all our words and actions. You feel quite sure, because you have met with no misfortune, that you are both strong and good. But you cannot tell. If you are frail you have had every support for your weakness ; but if you had watched your most secret thoughts and feelings for twenty years, you might have found there the seeds of evil, which, if left to the nurture of neglect, and reared in the midst of poverty and temptation, disappointment and sorrow, might have made of you a more miserable being than one whom you now condemn. 'I am alone and helpless. I am wretched and starving,' is the cry that comes up to us from every quarter of this dark city. If we leave them alone to starve or sell their souls for bread, or commit suicide in despair, as we read every day they are doing, how can we be guiltless ? If they are debased, they are still entitled to pity ; and if not beyond the mercy of Him who pardoned a thief and a Magdalen, certainly should not be beyond ours.'

I could see that my opponent was silenced and not convinced, but I knew that time and knowledge and meditation would add their testimony, and left her to their influence. But there was no end to the 'bones of contention' between us, though never once did we become for a moment estranged.

When the parade and preparation commenced, in order to have the young ladies 'come out,' with due form and ceremony, she was almost as much shocked as at the encouragement of vice. 'There was no such fuss in her day, and girls made out quite as well, she thought. It seemed to her like advertising them as ready to be sold to the highest bidder ; and then the time they wasted, in dressing and sitting dressed to receive calls, which, for aught she could see, amounted to nothing !

'But,' I said, 'they are of an age to be married now, and of course must be introduced to gentlemen, and form acquaintances, if we expect them to form 'desirable connections.''

'It is just like saying we are waiting and hoping for proposals ; they might as well offer themselves outright.'

'To be sure, every body knows they are waiting and hoping for proposals, and that they would be wretched indeed if they were to pass the first half of their initiatory year without some half-a-dozen. Did n't you wish and hope for the same fortune when you were of their age ?'

'If I did, I did n't say so,' exclaimed the good lady, in a tone of great indignation that I should suspect her of any thing so unwomanly.

'But you were actually married, and supposing you acted of your own free will, it is to be concluded that you were not averse to such a fate, and very probably desired it.'

'That is a very different thing from saying it. I hope I was never guilty of owning that I wanted to get married.'

'I do not see why it should be so disgraceful to express a desire for that which we are so anxious to possess.'

'Women wish to be married of course ; they have nothing else to look forward to ; but they do n't talk about it.'

'Oh ! yes, half their time is spent in talking about it, and the other half in thinking and dreaming about it. I found a troop of girls the

other day on the side-walk, who had just emerged from the recitation-room, and their whole conversation, as far as I accompanied them, was about their beaux and flirtations.'

'City school-girls, very likely; need n't expect any thing better.'

'I imagine girls and human nature are about the same everywhere. I only wish they were taught and encouraged to think and talk about what concerns them so intimately in a proper way. They would neither be so silly nor so vulgar. As it is, art, maneuvering, and falsehood are the results of their peculiar education.'

'Girls have nothing to do but wait till they are asked.'

'And then say: 'Yes, I thank you.' But you see the fear of waiting in vain leads them to all manner of plottings to make a prize secure, which, like stratagems in war, are honorable if successful, but if they fail, bring infamy upon the heads of the poor offenders.'

'I do n't see any occasion where confession or falsehood are called for, or can be of any particular use.'

'Dear Aunt Ida! if in your youth you had by some fatality indulged a preference for one who had made no declaration which justified you in the eyes of the world in openly acknowledging it, and you had been rallied by your companions, however confident yourself in the sincerity and fidelity of your lover, would you not have denied unqualifiedly any sentiment bordering upon interest in him; and to be sure and lull suspicion, would you not have most perseveringly insisted that such a sentiment was impossible? I have heard girls do so a hundred times, without the slightest compunction.'

'I can't tell what I should do; but one could at least keep silent.'

'No, it is not permitted; for in this, of all cases, silence gives consent. In some two or three hundred novels which I have read, there is not one in which the heroine is not represented as indulging in such falsehoods, naturally and of necessity, and usually it would be considered as exhibiting a great want of delicacy and womanly decorum not to do this. Shakspeare says, 'It is one of the points in which women give the lie to their consciences;' but their consciences are never troubled by this species of disobedience to the holy commandment. 'There is no other way,' they exclaim; 'what if I should tell the truth and find myself deceived, the finger of scorn would be pointed at me all the days of my life.'

'The feeling is instinctive in every woman's breast, that her love must not be confessed till it is asked. I do n't know how she can help it.'

'Instincts are planted by God, and it is scarcely a safe conclusion that HE has made it necessary to honor that it must be sustained by falsehood. Beside, among the primitive and uneducated nations, this is not required. The Jewish women, though in some respects slaves, and subject to most cruel laws and customs, were kept in no such bondage of the heart and tongue. When Isaac sent his representative to woo Rebecca, they said, 'Go call the damsel and inquire at her mouth,' and they called Rebecca and said unto her: 'Wilt thou go with this man?' and she said: 'I will go.' According to our ideas of

maidenly delicacy, she should have blushed and stammered, feigned indifference or aversion, while it would have been just as evident that she preferred to go. It was no disgrace to act according to her instincts ; and Ruth is an instance of more decided frankness.'

'Ruth ! I hope you would not cite her as an example. A queer state of society we should have.'

'I would not, certainly, give her as an example to be followed, though I think the state of society could scarcely be worse than it is ; for I know of nothing more debasing than the system of maneuvering, which propriety compels women to practise in order to accomplish their matrimonial purposes. But there is not an example of a more noble, high-minded woman in every other respect, than Ruth the Moabitess. Stepmothers, at least, would be very willing her example should be followed in her treatment of her mother-in-law. When the wife and mother loses her husband, after mourning for him, she seems most troubled that she can no longer hope for another, and bids her daughters-in-law depart from her, that they may go where they may be more likely to find husbands, than if they share her solitary life. 'Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.' Again and again her mother advised her to return. But Ruth said : 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.' I like to repeat it, for where is to be found any thing more beautiful ?'

'But in seeking her kinsman she acted under the influence of inspiration.'

'Yes, but she would not have been commanded to do what would bring upon her the reproach of her people. She had the sanction of custom, and her kinsman would have repulsed and scorned her, as a man would do now, among us, if she had defied conventionalities even to bestow upon him riches and honor and happiness. Among all the North-American Indians, who are Nature's children, it is woman's prerogative to choose her mate, and also to have a voice in the councils of the nation ; yet among them as well as the nations of the East, she is more decidedly feminine according to our acceptation of the term than any of us.'

'Well, I do n't know how we came by such a sentiment, but it seems to be universal and deeply rooted.'

'So it was once among many nations, and is still among some, that to murder each other in cold blood, was an absolute requisition of the code of honor, though contrary to every express command and every principle of the Bible. To fail to take this summary revenge for some trifling or imaginary insult, overwhelmed a man with disgrace and banished him from refined society. Did God give him such an instinct ? And this same sense of honor has been extended to kingdoms and nations, so that a whole people must rise up and buckle on their armor, and millions and millions of human beings must be inhumanly slaughtered, because some king or potentate and his wise council have



interpreted the act of some other king or potentate, to be an indignity.' Our disputation had led us widely from the occasion which gave rise to it, and was getting somewhat out of the range of my opponent's ordinary topics of reading and thinking. She could never see clearly that what any body did could be very much in the wrong ; though with the prejudice of persons of her limited opportunities of observation, she was almost sure that all was wrong which was practised by a clique or class of which she knew nothing except what she heard afar off, or saw from a post of observation outside the charmed circle. Like a great many good country people, she had an idea that all the ladies in the city were mincing and given to vanity, and any thing like sober common-sense was an impossibility among people who gave such heed to things outward and visible.

Like most people who live in the quiet of country seclusion, she had supposed those who dressed in silks every day must do it from vanity ; that those who indulged in amusements could have no relish for what was serious and earnest ; and knowing that most city people do these things, she supposed them destitute of godliness and entirely devoted to the things of this world. But she learned that good people could both dance and sing, and that they were probably a little better for the exhilaration and exercise of these pastimes. She saw people who were engaged heart and hand in going about doing good even as CHRIST commanded, and as HE also set the example of doing, who sought relaxation in listening to the grand music of the opera, and the comic representations of the stage, without detriment to their devotion, or prejudice to their labors of love. There are few so strong in mind or body as to endure for a length of time the tension of sobriety. Those who attempt it become morose and morbid, and tinge their religion with the dark imaginings which disease is sure to engender, and so make it repulsive.

---

S O N N E T .

'Die Seele ist Königin.'

It matters not to me how fine a brain  
 My neighbor's mind may dwell in : his discourse  
 May bear the deftest witchery, and its force  
 May make all rival argument in vain.  
 This is not highest : for the sophists train  
 The human reason to such skill in fence  
 As to o'er-match the sure report of sense,  
 And over very Truth some victory gain.  
 Not of the first estate are these fair powers,  
 Wit, fancy, genius, graceful poesy :  
 But to a mistress worthier than they all,  
 Gay, gallant courtiers of these mortal hours ;  
 They bow in homage. Noble though they be,  
 The soul alone is queen — the heart her regal hall.

*Angela, (Anne.)*

G. H. F.



## N A T U R E ' S   B R I D A L .

## I.

WHILE I was yet a very child —  
In childhood some are old —  
There was a weight in all my heart,  
A misery untold.

## II.

I wandered by the wimpling burn,  
To hear the clicking mill,  
I knew the steepest precipice,  
On every neighboring hill.

## III.

The early sun's first rosy beams  
Were scattered on my head,  
I sought to catch the parting rays  
That settled round his bed.

## IV.

I lingered in the twilight shades  
To watch the new-born moon,  
To catch the gamut of the stars —  
It vanished all too soon.

## V.

Night after night I watched that moon  
In greater brightness rise;  
And thought that God had folded up  
The curtains of the skies;

## VI.

That I might see my mother's form  
'With her angel plumage on;'  
That she might bend her eyes to earth  
And look upon her son.

## VII.

The hare-bell and the violet,  
The lily and the rose,  
The fragrance of the balmy spring,  
And winter's drifting snows;

## VIII.

Were noted with a watchful eye;  
And yet they brought no joy,  
All nature slighted my regards,  
For I was still a boy.

## IX.

I felt within a strange unrest;  
And many deep-drawn sighs  
Raised up the fountains of my heart,  
Which gushed out at my eyes.

## X.

I wept, and knew not why I wept;  
Was sad without a cause:  
And yet instinctively I loved  
Unchanging NATURE'S laws.

## XI.

I could not win her slightest smile,  
In limping words I tried:  
And felt the bitter tooth of scorn,  
Contempt and wounded pride.

## XII.

But now in these my ampler years,  
NATURE has grown less coy;  
And now permits one gentle arm,  
And says I'm not a boy.

## XIII.

I love her with increasing zeal,  
Her whom I loved in youth;  
I worship at her awful shrine  
In spirit and in truth.

## XIV.

And now I know why I was sad,  
And why I wept such tears:  
Fruition over-tops my hopes,  
And banishes my fears.

## XV.

I'm happy now, no longer sad;  
My constancy has won  
The unheeding mistress of my youth:  
Nature and I are one.

## XVI.

She meets me on the barren heath,  
And in the shady dell;  
Upon the mountain's misty edge,  
And on the stony fell.

## XVII.

She meets me at the river's brink,  
In forest and in glade :  
I would not give her one caress  
For Beauty's brightest maid.

## XVIII.

I kiss and toy while I'm awake,  
She comes to me in dreams,  
And drowns the cup of bitterness  
In dim oblivion's streams.

## XIX.

And when I waken in the morn,  
The first bright eyes I see  
Are hers, whose ever-waking beam  
Bends sweetly over me.

## XX.

I loved her in my early prime,  
My love knows no decay :  
I loved her in her bridal robes :  
As then, I love to-day.

## XXI.

She's brought me store from every clime,  
A dower rich and rare ;  
The whole of all the laughing earth  
And circumambient air.

## XXII.

But now I think, too soon we part  
The bridegroom and the bride :  
The bridegroom seeks the halls of Death,  
The bride her father's side.

## XXIII.

Yet while I live I'm well assured  
I'll be her tenderest care ;  
And when I'm calmly laid in earth,  
She'll sometimes there repair :

## XXIV.

And stand beside the simple urn  
Of one who loved her true ;  
And with affection's gushing tears,  
The springing sod bedew.

w.

*Logan, (O.) January 1. 1857.*

## THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It needs no great stretch of your imagination, dear reader, to accompany me to the scene of this anecdote. Only picture to yourself a barrack-yard, a company of soldiers drawn up in line, before which the captain, bedizzened and starched, is walking up and down; a plain black coffin, upon which rest a pair of white gloves, a glittering sabre, and a well-polished helmet; toward the end of the story imagine a church-yard, with its expectant grave, and you will have conjured up quite enough to answer my purpose. In that coffin reposes the body of an artillery-man, to whom his comrades are about to pay the last sad rites. If an officer die, he is escorted to the grave with martial music, by the whole regiment; but for a private soldier, his company alone turns out, and the band is considered quite unnecessary. The captain, stroking his mustache, now calls out: 'Attention!' The soldiers become as quiet and motionless as if they were fastened to the ground. 'Forward the first six!' They step out from the ranks, and are about to raise up the coffin, preparatory to carrying it to the grave. Suddenly, with the most despairing and heart-felt anguish marked in her countenance, a poor woman bursts into the barrack-yard. She longs to gaze once more, for the last time, upon her son, the dead artillery-man. Notwithstanding the severe cold, for ten whole hours had she been on the road walking from the village where she lived, to town, hastening forward with all her might, in the hopes of at least being able to press her last farewell on the cold lips of her son. Falling almost prostrate before the captain, she implored him to have the coffin opened, only for a few minutes. But all was in vain: the coffin had already been nailed up — for a lock and hinges would have been too expensive; the company was obliged to furnish eight men for the guard at twelve o'clock; it was already eleven; there was not a moment to lose. So the ceremony proceeded, in spite of all the lamentations and entreaties of the distracted mother.

The poor fainting creature was supported by a soldier and taken to the guard-house; in the mean time the company, at the word of command, marched to the church-yard, and there formed a circle round the open grave. Then the captain, leaning upon his sword, and with down-cast eyes, thus began his funeral oration:

'O LORD! inscrutable are THY ways, and THY decrees are eternal secrets to us. Only four weeks ago, his Royal Highness our Prince, was summoned by THEE to a better world, and day before yesterday THOU calledst likewise away from us the artillery-man Miller. Yes! he is dead, stone dead, and we now have to perform over his body the last military honors. Look, soldiers! there lies the fellow; although he was never once over-worked! But he caught cold while doing his duty to his king, and died in consequence of that, died honorably, serving his

country. But ten days ago he was upon guard ; eight days ago from to-day, he put on his accoutrements for the last time ; and now, here lies poor Miller, who was always a good soldier, cold and stiff before you. Therefore, let each of you perform his duty properly, and be obedient, both in and out of service, so that if you should be called away as suddenly as he was, you may enter the presence of your CREATOR with a clear conscience ; for, as the Psalm-book informs us, it is but a step from life to death. Surely Miller deserved a better coffin, though, Sergeant ! You should have seen to that.'

At this address, the sergeant stepped forward with the customary salute, and answered promptly :

'At your orders, Captain.'

'Yes ! but it is too late now : why ! the coffin-lid don't shut tight ; and there the poor devil is lying, all crooked and doubled together at one end, and at the last day he will rise out of his grave a complete cripple. As I live, I can see some of his hair sticking out, too ! If any one of his intimate friends wishes to cut off a lock, he may step forward and take it as a memento.'

Several artillery-men moved as if they would like to come forward.

'Recollect, you blockheads, there is to be no muttering, or I'll give you three extra tours of duty ! Sergeant, just keep your eye on Newman, there. I believe the rascal is always finding fault with my orders. Devil take the rascal ! As sure as there is a God in heaven, I'll take the smartness out of him ! I'll ride him with a curb till he won't consider himself so wise ! I wish we could only bury him instead of Miller, and then we should gain a good soldier and lose a bad one. It was never necessary to punish Miller ; he was always clean and tidy ; a first-rate fellow, 'pon honor ! Yes, and if he had lived two years longer, I am sure he would have been made a non-commissioned officer ; and he might, even, in after-years, have attained the rank of sergeant. But it is ever so ! The best men seldom obtain their deserts. It is the duty of a good soldier to face the enemy boldly, and to conquer or to die. But when, in time of peace, he is not called upon to perform military service, he should endeavor to advance himself in some occupation of civil life. There is no use, however, in standing here and lamenting over our misfortunes ; it will not restore poor Miller to life. Here he lies, dead, dead as a herring, as sure as there is a God in heaven. Now, lower the coffin into the grave.'

At this order, the men lowered the coffin with ropes, but without taking away the gloves, helmet, and sabre which were upon the lid, because there had been no command to that effect. This drew down from the captain a perfect avalanche of imprecations.

What ! you stupid clod-hoppers ! Are you all going to the devil ? Going to bury gloves, helmet, and sabre as if they cost nothing ? Do you suppose that his majesty the king picks up your accoutrements ready made in the streets ? I will now sprinkle a handful of earth on the coffin, in token of good fellowship with Miller, though he has gone to the next world. The company may then come forward, one by one, and do likewise.'

The soldiers, availing themselves of this permission, pressed eagerly

round the grave, each one striving to be first. This caused some disorder and irregularity. Conspicuous among the foremost was the unlucky Newman, who came next after the captain, and hurled two great clumps of earth on the coffin, so that it fairly bounced from the effect of the blow.

This afforded the captain a fresh opportunity of exhibiting his dislike to the poor fellow.

'May a thousand furies overwhelm the rascal ! The man must be raving, stark mad !' he roared out furiously. 'I suppose he wants to wake up Miller from his last sleep, so that he may make his appearance before the whole company with nothing but a shirt on, and freeze to death : that would be a pretty piece of business, when his clothes have already been delivered to the quarter-master's department. Sergeant ! remember that this fellow is to have three additional tours of duty at the powder-mill. Now, perhaps he'll keep quiet, and not budge from his place ; if he do n't, I'll make a *fricasee* of the scoundrel !'

The grave is slowly filled up with earth. When that part of the ceremony is over, the captain silently doffs his helmet, and at this signal the soldiers follow his example. The sergeant steps officiously to the side of his commander with the question :

'What prayer does it please our captain to order ?'

'That's a fact, sure enough. I had forgotten to tell you that. Well, let every one that can, say the LORD'S Prayer, and pray at that till I order you to stop.'

The captain shields his eyes with his helmet, taking good care, however, to hold it so that he can see over the top and watch his men, who, taking the hint from him, look earnestly at the lining of their helmets and pretend to pray.

'Amen !' roars the captain ; and then, in the same breath : '*Attention ! company ; left face, forward march !*' and, at a quick step, away marches the whole company back to the barracks.

'Give me back my son ! Where is my son ?' the poor mother, who has by this time recovered her senses, demanded of the soldiers as soon as she saw them returning to their quarters.

'He is buried, my good woman,' abruptly retorted the captain ; 'buried with full military honors ! Do n't be so down-hearted, for he was a first-rate soldier ; and 't is a great pity that he is dead. Now, go home, and tell your husband and children what I say.'

'Ah ! they are all dead : he was the last !' sobbed out the unfortunate creature.

'Why, then, go and get married again, and perhaps you will have some more children, who will grow up and be a fine set of fellows, just like him.'

Giving this piece of consolation, the captain walked off, while the poor old woman, half-stupefied, half-crazed by her loss, stood silently gazing after his retreating form.

Tears started to the eyes of the soldiers in the guard-house who had witnessed this scene. They made a collection amongst themselves, and every man there contributed his last copper to enable the grief-stricken mother to pursue her desolate journey home.

## A D R E A M .

BY A MYTH.

## I.

AMONG the tombs at mid-night  
I paced with noiseless tread ;  
A starless sky above me,  
Around, the silent dead.

## II.

I sat me down upon a grave,  
And heard the wind's low sigh  
As fitfully and mournfully  
It still went wailing by.

## III.

It seemed to sing a requiem  
For the peaceful, quiet dead ;  
The heavens were clothed in mourning,  
The gloomy heavens o'er head.

## IV.

From the belfry of the minster  
I heard a creaking sound :  
A moment and it woke to life  
The dead that slept around.

## V.

I saw them in their grave-clothes,  
Their faces wan and pale,  
They looked so light and fragile,  
The dead they looked so frail.

## VI.

They fitted by like shadows,  
Like shadows on the wall ;  
O'er the tangled grass they tripped,  
As in some marble hall.

## VII.

But slowly light fell on them,  
They vanished as a dream,  
For through my chamber window  
Came the sun's bright morning beam.



## G O L D E N M E M O R I E S .

BY EDWARD GOODWIN, OF ALABAMA.

'Come, listen to the times of *old*.'—SOUTHEY.

BLESSED be a good, genial, cheerful fire ! Beneath its soothing influence we cease to hear the eternal jar of opposing elements ; we, for a time, forget that without is biting coldness ; that a thousand hearts are bleeding in sorrow and want ; that pale-faced orphan children are crying for bread ; that men are wasting away beneath the rude touch of disease, and that misery lies on every side.

Dear reader, have you no comfortable ingleside about which you fondly linger, when the wintery winds go wailing by, and when the snow-wreaths hang in gorgeous, glittering festoons from every bending bough ? Have you no hearth-stone, broad and ample, upon which you can heap great piles of 'clean cleft hickory ?' We know right well you have, and about its sacred jams linger lovingly the many sweet remembrances of the 'olden time' when you, with light heart and active limbs, gathered wild-flowers high up the towering mountain-side, or sported in glee upon the green, grassy lawn, or chased the gaudy butterfly over the distant fields ! Is it not a happy privilege, seated as we are by the glowing fire-side, to recall those golden memories and dwell upon them with a melancholy pleasure ? They are the jewels of the mind, and they flash athwart it, causing it to glow afresh with all the gorgeous glories of youth, hope, and love. We fondly cherish them, so full of half-forgotten dreams, youthful fancies, and delightful hours, and doatingly cling to them as the mother bereft of her darling child, clings to it on the border of the grave, and even in the dim twilight of old age we hug them to our bosoms with tenderness and joy. They are true and faithful companions. From a refined and sensitive mind they are never entirely absent. They add a freshening ardor to our pleasures, and soften our adversities, as distance mellows the mountain and the landscape. When the beautiful bow of promise has vanished from the heaven of our hopes amid a night of blackness and despair, and pale Melancholy, with spectral fingers, has traced upon our hearts grief and dire misfortunes, it is sweet to know that we can turn to a *world within us*, which no storms can disfigure, and revel again amid scenes of brightness, beauty, and joy.

These blessed memories come upon us in a thousand different ways ; sometimes —

— 'like the murmur of a dream ;'

at another, in crowded halls, amid music and the merry dance, they whisper softly unto us ; and still at another, in the sombre mid-night,

they steal gently over us. When we least expect it, lo ! arises before us some beautiful vision of the ' farthest back hour,' from

'BENEATH the umbrage deep  
That shades the silent world of memory.'

Do you not see a splendid peristrepthic panorama moving before you from those far-distant 'shades?' How natural! How vivid, and how true! See! there glides the old school-house, in which many of the sunny hours of childhood were past. It is silent and deserted now, but it will live forever in the 'world of memory.' The kind-hearted teacher has gone down to the gloomy grave. And those dear friends who went to the same school; read from the same books; drank from the same spring, and prayed the same prayers — where are they? They are scattered hither and thither over the wide earth. Some are in foreign lands, and some have faded like flowers from the earth. The melody of their voices still lingers and falls upon our ears, like echoes from the glory-land. There, too, is the grassy lawn upon which we once sported in glee! Oh! it is *there*, bright in the sunshine, and lovely in the shade! How often, long, long ago, did we — you and I — in those days, play with our brothers and our sisters upon that dear familiar spot, when

'SPRING trieth her trick of greenery;'

when the bees murmured among the flowers; when the atmosphere was laden with aroma; when every grove was filled with the melting melody of birds; and when the hills and vales were garnitured with light and loveliness. *That* was many a weary year ago, and some of that joyous, happy band have passed away, as the rainbow melts from the bosom of the cloud. The dews of heaven now sprinkle the grave of a kind brother or sister, and beautiful flowers shed their fragrance over their final resting-place. Even the old oak tree, beneath whose wide-spreading branches we used to sit and wreath the flowers into chaplets fair, or watch the silvery sailing clouds far up in heaven, is not forgotten. We remember it still, and love it; and from our souls bless the poet who sung

'WOODMAN, spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough:  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.'

Touch it not with the sacrilegious axe, for every stem, leaf, and bough has in it a tale full of love. Many and many a time have we sought its shelter from the summer-showers; years on years it cast its genial shade over the home of our childhood, and hither did the bees and birds come. We remember well the last time we sat beneath that dear old oak. 'T was on a summer's morning, and we were not alone. It was a morning as soft and beautiful as ere beamed upon the world and touched the heavens with radiance. That was our last day in the home of our youth, and duty had prompted us to go forth and battle with the rugged world for wealth, honor, and emolument. The girl of our affection was beside us, and fond words were spoken and solemn vows were plighted. We think that we now can feel the influence of

that bright blue eye, blue as the 'bending heavens,' beaming on us, and can hear the 'melting murmurs' of that low sweet voice breathing words of hope, and love, and constancy. Alas! alas! cruel Time writes many sad changes on the human heart, for ere we saw again the old oak tree and our home, she had gone up to the mansions of bliss, and joined the angels of that brighter world.

Blessed be that dear old tree! Often and oft have we seen its dark green leaves arising from the 'world of memory,' and often and oft have desired to lay once more our wearied limbs beneath its boughs.

The panorama glides on, and — O beautiful vision! — there is our childhood's home, nestling like

'A thing of beauty'

amid the forest scene. Again we sit beside its ample hearth-stone, that

'OASIS in the desert — star of light,  
Spangling the dreary dark of this world's night;'

that spot about which cluster so many fond and holy associations. This is truly a golden memory! Sorrows and affliction cannot erase it, and neither changes nor difficulties can dim the image of the dear old home. We may perchance roam into distant lands; may tarry beneath soft Italy's skies; may stand amid the glittering glaciers of the Alps; or may linger among the vineyards of the Rhine; yet this remembrance will cling to us — 'a joy forever.' We live over again those happy hours. We feel the same spirit that thrilled us years ago, and gaze upon the same scene that filled our youthful eyes with joy. Do you remember how you rejoiced when, on a morning in cold December, you awoke and beheld a scene of snowy coldness, stretching away — away, away? Have you forgotten how you made tiny track upon the snow-bank, and wondered why all the chickens were gathered within the old barn? Have you forgotten how you flattened your little red nose against the window-pane, and looked out upon the hills and hollows, and admired the glittering show; how you saw

'DROOPING, the laborer-ox  
Stand covered o'er with snow,'

and how you pitied him from your soul? How you watched the snow-birds in the cedar trees, and how you wished for a little salt to throw upon their tails? All this you cherish, and much more, and a feeling of sadness steals over you when you think that those days and those realities have forever fled, and can only be recalled as sweet memories of the 'long ago.' But, gentle reader, let us ask, have you forgotten the 'old folks at home?' We see you have, not, for the question has reopened the golden portals of memory, and even now the great tears are rolling a-down your cheeks. How many will echo this earnest wish: Blessed be the 'old folks at home!' Hark! The response comes ringing up from a thousand thousand throats — some giving it in plaintive tones, some with smiles of love, and some with heart-felt joy! Perhaps you

have wandered far from the happy scenes of your youth, and have left the old folks at home. It was a long time ago; but how distinctly you remember the 'old man's sad look and trembling voice, as he bade you farewell, and said, 'My son, may God bless you,' and could go no farther! And don't you remember your kind old mother; do n't you wish you could see her now, with the tears upon her cheeks? You never can forget her kind love; her gentle admonitions; her pure piety, and her fervent prayers! Foster, we entreat you, those golden memories, for they are bright treasures, and will prove to you blessed souvenirs as you journey on in this cold-hearted world.

Perhaps it has not been a great while since you left the dear old people, with the promise of a speedy return. Have you fulfilled your promise? have you kept your word? If not, there have been sad hearts at home, and bitter tears shed, and bright hopes extinguished in the breasts of the 'old folks at home.' May-be your father, feeble as he is, walks slowly and faintly up the great road at even-tide, and with anxious eyes watches for your return. Or may-be the 'old folks' are sitting in that same old-fashioned room—even this cold and stormy night—and are counting the days and hours of your absence, and are petitioning, upon bended knees, the throne of GRACE, your safe return. Go rapidly, go quickly, lest the old folks die without blessing you. If you are an author, it matters not, go; if an editor, go; if you are a blacksmith, lay aside the apron, quit the forge, leave the smithy, and go; if you are a lawyer, close your books, drop your papers and go; it matters not what is your profession; go and see the old folks at home. Hasten, too, for their lives may be 'burning dim' in the cold twilight of the grave!

The old folks at home! How familiarly those words fall upon the ear and reverberate through the halls of memory! They are bright links, binding us firmly to the past. Who can fathom the profound depths of a mother's influence! Even the remembrance of her sheds a sacred and benign influence over our hearts. See that man stealing along the street, at mid-night, with the stealthy tread of the tiger. He is going to yonder building, which you can just discern through the gloom. His features are rigid from feelings of guilt and fear. He approaches the building, looking tremblingly about him. A blinding flash of lightning leaps from the sky! He starts, as if it had seared his very brain. He pauses. Above his head and through a rift in the clouds, a beautiful and refulgent star gleams down upon him. It is so mild and serene that it reminds him of the eye of a fond mother who long ago taught him useful lessons of morality and virtue, and pointed out to the pleasant ways of peace. This man, though lost to honor and principle, has not forgotten his mother. He rushes from the spot, resolving never again to tread the pathway of vice, but to live a good and virtuous life. Such is a mother's influence. Blessed then, be the 'old folks at home,' and may those that linger here below finally enter into those splendid mansions above, where the 'old folks' will forever be 'at home.'

*Lawrence County, (Ala.), Nov. 9th, 1856.*

## E L L A .

NEAR a growing Southern city  
 Lives a lovely girl, and witty,  
 In a grove of shady poplars, oaks, and other forest trees :  
 Gentle, blooming, truthful ELLA,  
 Blest by all — my guiding 'Stella' —  
 Fairer far than far-famed beauties who reside beyond the seas.

Here are blended wit and beauty,  
 Christian hopes and every duty :  
 These to make her loved and happy, those her person to adorn ;  
 While the down upon her cheek is  
 Soft as that on Autumn's peaches,  
 And her brows look like two fleecy clouds across the face of morn.

Rosy Love has her in keeping,  
 And for evermore is peeping  
 At the happy world around her, making windows of her eyes ;  
 And the little rascal dances  
 At the thought of how his glances  
 Prove so fatal through such port-holes when his little captive sighs.

Nothing here on earth is dearer,  
 Or approaches heaven nearer,  
 Than a look in ELLA's hazel eyes, illumined up with glee ;  
 Angels nestled there so brightly :  
 In my dreams I see them nightly  
 Guarding her and hers from evil, and imparting joy to me.

Is it strange that memory lingers  
 Round her little taper fingers,  
 And plays wanton through her long and glossy, raven, silky hair ?  
 That it mirrors her in motion,  
 Graceful as a ship on ocean,  
 Not forgetting 'beauty's ensign,' painted there by country air ?

Sometimes life to me seems weary,  
 And my prospects more than dreary,  
 But from her '*nil desperandum*' makes my heart once more rejoice ;  
 Then I bless the day I met her,  
 And feel certain I am better  
 Under such a holy influence, near the sound of such a voice.

Many moons have waxed and wasted  
 Since her carmine lips I tasted,  
 But the nectar thence extracted sheds a fragrance on life's way ;  
 Even JOVE, on high Olympus,  
 Never dreamed of such a sip as  
 Tearful ELLA gave to me at parting on an August day

Cincinnati, January 8, 1857.

M. P. M.

## L O S T   I N   T H E   W O O D S .

Few things are grander than a Western forest. The trees remind one of stern old royalists, standing in grave, never-bending dignity, interlacing their lofty branches, so as to preserve an unbroken gloom, in the shades of which they hold a solemn court.

The mail-road from Holly Springs, (Miss.,) going directly south, through the city of Jackson to New-Orleans, runs in many places through the deepest, most undisturbed woods. A most gloriously beautiful October morning discovered me, seated upon a good horse, and with a double-barrelled gun, balanced across the pommel of my saddle, guarding a 'deer-stand,' in the depths of a portion of this wild forest. Taking it for granted that my reader knows that a 'deer-stand' is a partial opening in the trees, through which the deer, frightened out by drivers, sent in for that purpose, is always expected to run, (if he never knew it before, let him now consider himself informed,) I will proceed with my story. The 'stands' in the present instance were located at a considerable distance from one another, partly because of the paucity of the huntsmen, and partly owing to the rarity of the openings. The horns of the drivers and the long-drawn yelps of the deer-hounds, borne over the tree-tops by the morning breeze, sent the blood bounding through every vein.

'HEAVENS! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts  
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales  
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives  
From wood to wood, through every dark recess,  
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.  
The chorus swells; less various and less sweet  
The trilling notes, when in those very groves  
The feathered choristers salute the spring,  
And every bush in concert join; or when  
The master's hand, in modulated air,  
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers  
Of music in one instrument combine  
An universal minstrelsy.'

Somerville's beautiful lines were engaging so much of my attention that I had fallen into an exceedingly unsportsmanlike reverie, when my ear detected a pattering noise among the leaves, and before I could recall myself to think what caused it, a most magnificent buck sprang lightly over some intervening under-growth into the opening which it bordered. My presence was, for a second, unnoticed by him, and it was only when my gun was at my shoulder that he beheld me, and with an enormous leap bounded past me across the stand. So perfectly lightning-like was the rapidity with which he shot by, that I had barely time to cover him and to fire one barrel before he disappeared amid the dense foliage. Detecting, from the lack of uniformity in his leaps, that he was wounded, I spurred my horse and rode at a half-gallop through the bushes, which grew around in great luxuriance.

Guided by the noise made in the leaves, I caught sight of him once more, going with long jumps, down a gently declining sink in the forest. Once more I fired, and again with evident effect. His jumps were plainly more labored, and as he passed over a slight elevation, my impression was that I would find him dead on the other side. Upon surmounting the hill, however, I beheld him again, three hundred yards off, and mending his pace at that. Having loaded my gun as I rode slowly up the elevation, I again set forward, as the absence of undergrowth now permitted me to do, at the full speed of my horse. My utmost efforts merely enabled me to keep him in view. The nature of the ground, too, was rendering this every moment more difficult. Hills and sudden depressions were constantly occurring, and I was obliged to confess that my prey was rapidly increasing the distance between us. Determined on making a final effort, I buried my spurs in my horse's flanks and attempted to gain a few yards by springing across a small bit of swamp ground. I have an indistinct recollection of a dark shape rising, as it were, from out of the very centre of the miniature morass; of my horse starting back on the point of the leap; and of myself flying, like a shot out of a mortar, over his head. Then followed oblivion.

The noon-day sun was pouring down a flood of radiant heat full in my face when next I opened my eyes. With keen, shooting pains running through my back and shoulders, I made an effort to rise, but with a groan of agony sank back into the mud, into which, having been thrown completely heels over head, I had fallen, and in which I was now lying flat on my back. The yielding nature of the soil was my preservation. The velocity with which I was carried was so great that I had gone entirely over the swamp spot, and had struck the soft ground on its farther edge. By slow degrees I dragged myself out on firm land, and after repeated trials, rose to my feet and looked about me. The place over which I had attempted to leap was only ten or fifteen feet in width, though of considerable length. My horse's tracks were visible down to the edge, from which they turned back again into the forest. Finding my pain to arise more from stiffness than from any physical injury, I walked slowly around the morass, in order to get my gun. To my surprise and no small regret, I could discover no trace of it anywhere. After carefully searching the adjacent ground, I came to the conclusion that it must have been buried in the soft mud, and having got a pole, I commenced pushing about in the swamp with a hope of finding it. In my thrusts with the pole, I struck upon something hard, and upon examination, found a log, concealed by the mud, and affording a firm, though invisible bridge from the outer edge into the centre of the treacherous soil. Creeping carefully along this, I reached the central clump of shrubs, and found upon parting them, a vacant space, in which the dead leaves and reeds were trampled down into a sufficient consistency to bear my weight. The spot bore all the appearances of a lair for some wild animal, and my mind instantly recurred to the half-seen figure, which, hitherto forgotten, I now remembered to have sprung up from this spot, frightening my horse and causing my own unfortunate mishap. Relinquishing all hope of finding my



gun, I made my way back to 'terra firma,' and was now beset by a new and fearful suspicion. It had never occurred to me that the deer-stands were ten miles from any known habitation; that I had followed the buck for a great while at a great speed, and must, of consequence, have come a great distance. These things now flashed rapidly before my mind, and a careful survey of the surrounding woods forced irresistibly upon me the conclusion that *I was lost!*

To find yourself in unfamiliar woods, with a knowledge, however, that a sufficiently long walk in almost any direction, will intersect some road, is a very unimportant matter. But to know that the wild, dark forest stretches for hundreds and hundreds of miles, with one or two small villages, at great distances apart, and with but one travelled road, with every prospect of wandering to-and-fro and around a circle of monotony, until starvation or fatigue causes you to stop, is horrible. Oh! how horrible, I can fully testify.

I knew that the great mail-road ran parallel with the Mississippi, and I knew that although this road was obliged to be at least thirty miles off, I would be more likely to fall into some country path in that direction than in any other. So, grasping a small sapling which I cut with my hunting-knife, to aid my slow steps, I set off manfully through the forest.

Mile after mile I plodded wearily along, now pushing my way through the dense under-growth, and now coming into the broad, open woods, where, far as the eye could reach, the huge trees exhibited their straight trunks, unencumbered by a branch, within forty feet of the ground. My spirits sank with the sinking sun. The sad autumn wind was chanting a mournful song through the tall tree-tops; otherwise the silence was oppressive. The sun-beams were falling in long, slanting lines through the forest, as I seated myself, entirely exhausted, upon a decayed log. A gray squirrel scampered along it to the farther end, and then turning, with his bushy tail curled over his back, surveyed me with the liveliest curiosity. It was probably his first sight of a man. At another time my arm would almost involuntarily have attempted his capture, but now I had no heart for sport. The 'sear and yellow leaves' drifted rapidly down, and decay seemed to have stamped its signet upon all of nature's works. My blood bounded through my veins as a beautiful deer came leaping lightly over the ground, now stopping to nip off a twig, and cropping a bunch of evergreen growing amidst the dead leaves. I shook an adjacent bush and in an instant the wild animal disappeared from my view. The shades of dusky twilight were gathering thickly around me, when I rose once more to pursue my unknown journey. I had now lost all reckoning of the direction of my course. I was wandering blindly on, not having the most remote conception of the way in which my steps were treading. With the saddest, most depressing emotions, I dragged my aching limbs along, the wide, solemn forest being disturbed by no sound save the rustling of my feet amid the withered leaves. The dark, dreary night had now commenced, and a cold chill ran over me as the solitary, long-drawn howl of a wolf startled my acutely sensitive ear. These animals

had become very scarce in the neighborhood, and I knew that I must be far away from the habitations of men to hear one at all. The light afforded by the stars enabled me to avoid the trees as I walked, and I continued my efforts with all the energy of despair. I have no idea how late it was nor how far I had gone when a sickening, swimming sensation compelled me to stop and sit down upon the ground. It soon passed off, but my wearied limbs refused to bear me farther, so I crept up to an enormous tree, and having, much to my gratification, discovered a huge hollow in it, I collected a deep bed of leaves, and after starting back as a large hooting owl with a 'two-whit, two-who,' flew over my head, I coiled myself up closely in the cavity and applied my faculties to getting to sleep. Even in the midst of my mental depression, an amusing remark of an Irish protégé of my grand-father's in reference to his being himself on one occasion lost in the woods, caused me to laugh. The old gentleman asked him: 'What measures of extrication had suggested themselves to him, buried in the deep, dark forest?'

'Oh!' said he, '*I first thought I'd advairtiz' meself.*'

I know not how long I had slept (for I had no trouble getting to sleep) when with a sudden start I awoke. I had been dreaming of dogs and deer, and it was some time before I could convince myself that the vociferous yelps were not vestiges of my somnolent delusions. A sharp bark within a few feet of me completely aroused me, and the next instant a pack of four or five hounds were circling with frantic leaps around the tree, and barking as though they had 'treed' a whole family of opossums. The tramp of feet now sounded among the leaves, and my sleep-clogged eyes beheld the broad glare cast by a pine-knot torch through the dark shadows. The bearer of this was next visible, a strong, merry-faced negro fellow, 'as black as the ace of spades.' With shuffling strides he approached, but the next moment, catching a sight of my pale, cadaverous face, streaked with blood from numerous scratches, and half hid by my disordered hair, peering out at him from the hollow tree, he let fall his torch and with a yell of terror, took to his heels, crying, 'Lawd-a-mussy' at every step. Happily for me his companion, a young white lad, was not so readily frightened; and upon my coming forth and telling my story, he proposed to me, as his 'opossum hunt' was ended, to return home with him, which I did, and on the day following was sent to my residence: I had wandered twenty miles from it.

My chagrin was great on my arrival, to find that my horse had never come home. Two weeks afterward, as I glanced over the columns of a newspaper, published in a neighboring county, my eye fell upon the subjoined notice:

'TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

'On Saturday last, the noted run-away slave, 'Crook-Fingered Dick,' was apprehended and imprisoned in this jail. He was riding a valuable horse, and had in his possession a fine shot-gun. Says he found

them in the woods. The owner will please come forward, prove his titles, pay the charges, and take his property away.

'Oct. 20th, 1856.

T. A. JOYCE, *Jailer.*'

I went over instantly to D —, and having described the horse and gun without seeing them, had them delivered to me. My claims were perfectly established by 'Dick' himself, who told me afterward that my horse had been frightened by him as he rose from his concealment, fearful that I would discover him. Seeing my insensibility, he had stolen my horse and gun and rode off. I have n't been on a deer-hunt since that time.

W. H. W.

*Athens, (Ga.)*

# A S O N G O F T H E S E A .

On! for the sea, the wide deep sea!  
 Happy is he, thrice happy is he,  
 Who findeth a home on the wide deep sea.  
 He seeks not fame, and he seeks not gold,  
 For he is the 'monarch of all he beholds;'  
 Speak nothing to him of the treacherous wave,  
 Alluring him on to a watery grave;  
 For his home is over the wide deep sea,  
 And the song that he breathes is the song of the free.  
 He lists with a rapture deep and mute,  
 To the answering notes of the ocean lute,  
 While he sinks away to a peaceful sleep,  
 Rocked in the arms of the mighty deep.  
 But dreams he not of the lightning's flash,  
 And lists he not to the thunder's crash,  
 For his ear is attuned to the sweeter sound  
 Of the mermaid's song and the waves around;  
 With voices low he hears them sing  
 Of the royal abode of the Ocean King:  
 Its walls are cut from the coral reef,  
 And vines of the pearl and emerald leaf  
 Twine gracefully over its pillars of snow,  
 And gracefully wave with the ocean's flow;  
 The roof is of shells of the ocean strung,  
 On a silver cord with pearls among;  
 And gold-fish through the bright waves leap,  
 As birds through the realms of the upper deep.  
 Then the musical voices seem far away,  
 Till he hears not more of the ocean lay;  
 And when the terrible Storm-King raves,  
 And the lightnings play with the mountain waves  
 When the hurricane tells in its angry blast  
 That every moment may be his last,  
 He lifts his silent prayer to Heaven,  
 And safety to his bark is given:  
 Then sings he again of the wide deep sea,  
 Home of the brave and home of the free.

## The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BEENT.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

LET me describe this great old negro gentleman, Sampson.

In height, he was six feet, perhaps an inch over. His age, upward of sixty, a strong, hearty old age, that had not bent his figure in the least, or impaired his noble strength. He was muscle from head to foot, and courage from the beginning of his life, and it will endure to the end of it. The face of this man had few of those coarse developments usually found in his race. His eye was large and full of expression; and gentleness, and honesty, and manhood, all together beaming over his countenance, made even his commonest doings and actions dignified. He was a sort of George Washington without his army, without his military staff, without his administration and his political cabinet, without his uniform and the flag, without his brains, and his deeds, and his glory; but still he had that dignity of manner by which good and great men are distinguished.

Time had sprinkled his Hyperion curls with its consequent frosts, and his visage was furrowed by a zone of wrinkles, barring it like the hemisphere of a globe. A scar reached from the crown of his head down to the left eye-brow, and while it produced no unpleasant effect, gave a kind of martial significance to his bearing that soldiers coming from war like their village gossips to talk about.

The dress of the black hero of this page was of no peculiar metropolitan fashion. Upon this frost morn of autumn, he wore a light blue over-coat of home-spun cloth. A great cape fell from the collar down to the waist, protecting my respectable gentleman in that part of the person most necessary to be protected, the shoulders and the back. Huge brass buttons ran their indicative marks of livery in a double row up the breast, while at each end of the collar were similar buttons. The back pockets were ornamented in the same way, and the *toute ensemble*, inclusive of his gray trowsers and strong village-store shoes, was that of a coachman to a respectable country family. His large hawthorn, knotty walking-stick imparted to the beholder a vague idea that Sampson would be a good original of a mixed statue of Hercules and his own Jewish name-sake. A black wool hat, knocked into a cocked hat by rebounding boughs of the forest bushes and the river rains, completed his costume, as he stood in the middle of the kitchen, waiting my readiness to accompany him. I have just called the old fellow into my library, and upon reading him this description, it would have done any body a world of good to have watched the effect it had upon him.

He began to laugh at first, and when I compared him to General

Washington, he exclaimed : ' Good LORD a mercy, Massa ! that 's a little too hard on the General.' When I spoke of his good qualities, his kind-heartedness, and his manhood that beamed over his whole face, he approached the back of my chair, and placed his large muscular hand upon my head, and kept it there until I had finished the whole description. That giant hand rested on my head as lightly as if his tender heart had drawn all its weight down to itself, and as if he thought its heaviness might kill me. A low laugh broke from his lips when he listened to the detail of his costume. I turned my face toward his, and told him that what I had written and read to him was to be published and much more about him and his Mary and the old Hut, and he drew himself up to his full height, and looking round the room, he abruptly said : ' Massa, can't I read it, too ? I can read the Bible ? '



I told him that Mr. Hueston should have his name upon his list of subscribers, and the KNICKERBOCKER should be forwarded from New-York regularly to him. So Sampson and old Mary will know of all these lines, and many a time at night, when I am all alone in this sweet home, will I hear the old man's voice, reading aloud to his fond listener the story that few white folk will enjoy as much.

My breakfast was over, and as I sat at the table with my segar just lighted, Sampson approached, hat in hand, to ask me if I would ride or walk. I determined to walk, and so made ready for the tramp. 'Young Massa, fond of shooting?' inquired my companion. 'Yes, Sampson; but I am out of practice with the gun. I see you have two hanging up against the wall. Are they good for any thing?'

'One of 'em is a rifle, and the other of 'em is a ducking-gun; they belonged to Mass Richard, and he left them here, and Miss Emily never used 'em, and nobody ever asked for 'em, and I keep 'em on the property, just the same as if they was two acres of land, that nobody could take away; but if you would like to use one of 'em, why you can do it, and welcome. Plenty of squirrels in the woods, and plenty of wild ducks in the river, so you'd better take the rifle; little practice maybe'll put your aim all right.' I consented to use the rifle, and Sampson took it from the wooden forks on which it was hanging, and after rubbing the barrel and the lock with the skirt of his old great-coat, placed it in my hands. It was in perfect order, but the lock was one of the old-fashioned flint-locks, and as I had always used the percussion, I was tempted to regard it with no very high feelings of respect. Powder and bullets were speedily forthcoming, old Mary having been ordered by Sampson in a very confidential manner to go somewhere and get them. That somewhere, I afterward discovered, was a regular curiosity-shop, a place of refuge for all the helpless, battered, half-murdered things that had been used in the family from time immemorial.

When I examined that place afterward, I almost expected to find the short-kneed monkey-skin breeches of Sampson's great-greater grand-grand-father, who was doubtless a king in some snug little despotism of Africa two or more centuries ago. A true aristocrat, with a long lineage, is your African, and well do some of them, and Sampson in particular, by manners and by all courtly sentiments of honor and of gentleness, establish the principle, that there is such a thing of human value as time-honored ancestry. I am not a candidate for Congress, you will observe.

Then, with the rifle in my hand, and Sampson as my guide, I stepped from the Hut. It was a morning full of sun-light, and I stood for a moment and looked at the old tower in the free, open air. The tower from its quaint windows looked at me, and the old oak tickled one of the logs, and a smile seemed to go all over the fabric, and a sun-beam crept over the branches of the oak; and Sampson and I, and the tower and the tree, and all the scene joined in a sense of quiet joy together, as if we were all equals, and he and I no more sentient than the rest. Has Nature no other throb than that she feels when the earthquake stirs her heart?

My first visit was to my horse. He was snugly housed in a comfortable enough stable, that stood at the bottom of the garden by the river-shore, and which was well protected in summer by the shade of a noble grove of willows and beeches, and in winter guarded by their thick array of trunks and dense intermixture of branches. So the stable suited me as well as the old tower and the old kitchen. I reserved a survey of the other apartments of the dwelling-house, to which the



kitchen was attached, until my return from an examination of the farm. I had made up my mind to one thing, and that was, I was determined not to use the tower again, unless old Mary could not fit up one of the rooms in the lower building for me. I had my reasons, but they did not include a fear of ghosts. The truth is, I felt loth to disturb that room again. There was then that early, and there is now this late, a feeling in my heart for that room, that amounts to a species of reverence, as for human goodness at least, for the humanity that I then supposed, and I now know, did, in all sweetness and lovingness, make its home and its altar there.

From the stable our path led onward to what Sampson called the cow-pasture. It was a strip of meadow land inclosed by a zig-zag fence, that went rollicking around its limits, stopping here and there to dodge a walnut tree or a weeping beech, and running up to the tops of briar-covered gulleys, and then round a pile of moss-covered rocks, and finally shaking hands in a rough-and-tumble way at some bars that gave entrance to the lot. These bars Sampson pulled down for us to pass in, and put up again to prevent his cow from passing out. She was a red animal, that at that moment was standing at the bars, waiting for her friend and pitcher, Mary, with her pail. The old man patted her on her warm side, to which she made answer by a toss of the head and switch of her tail, and a look at me, as much as to say: 'Good morning, my colored friend, and what white thing have you got with you?'

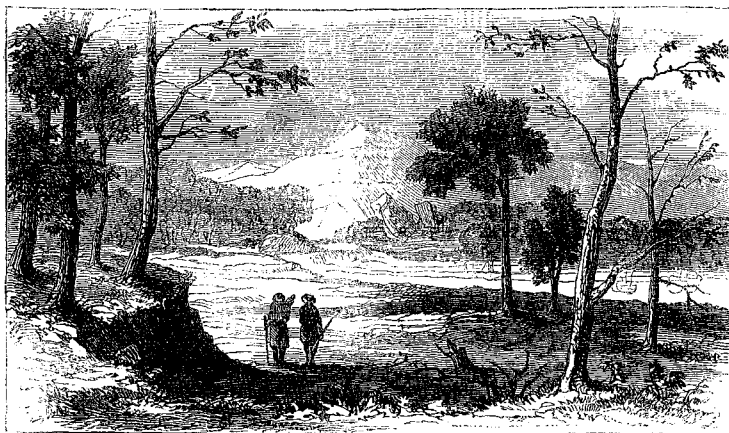
The cow and her pasture pleased me, and now when any stray lover of nature finds his way to me at this out-of-the-way place, it is to this spot that I first bring him to see what I saw for the first time then. The ground was broken, and clumps of trees grew at pleasant intervals on pleasant spots of verdure. Some, daintily and with pretty coquetry, kept in modest clusters, as if trying to hide themselves behind each other's boles, and to conceal their autumn blushes in each other's spreading crowns. Some mirror-loving beauties had stepped through the thick water-grasses, and were bending their locks, covered with many-colored chaplets, over the transparent bosom of the river. The field was dotted with briar-roses, and the white clover had left its soft stubble in thick profusion over the field. From beneath a group of trees trickled a basin full of water, bubbling and chuckling as it smacked the lips of meadow-lilies that clustered on its tiny banks. Farther up were the rapids; to the right the giant cliffs; on the left a forest swept down to the water's edge, and there in their keeping was the rock I afterward baptized. It was gray and golden, and the red leaves of the forest had already covered it with a crimson garment.

Sampson stopped and pointed out that particular part of the farm, bought, as he had told me, by his old master from the Indians, and that was now to be seen lying thickly covered with wood on the mountain-side, some three miles up the river.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the cascades. I will not stop to describe them here, for I will have more fitting occasions hereafter for that purpose. That they were exquisite will be well understood from the already frequent mention I have made of them. They contributed



largely to the picturesque logic that induced me subsequently to purchase the property. I could not, however, do otherwise than pause when I came to that rock to which I referred in my opening chapters, and upon which I afterward bestowed a name, with all the forms of Christian baptism. My rude pencil has given but a feeble picture of the scene as it was presented to me upon that first morning of its revelation to my view.



Breaking our way through the thick clustering branches of the forest under-growth, I entered upon the mill-meadow of forty-five acres. The mill itself was in ruins. Its situation was appropriate to its purposes, but the roof was broken in, and the dam partially destroyed. Bubbling currents broke through the long grass and wound their way in idle curiosity about the scene of former usefulness. From the mill we pushed on to the blacksmith's lot of twenty-five acres. Here too, the shed, where once the Vulcan of the wilderness was wont to blow his bellows and wield his heavy hammer, was covered with green moss and vines, and the shattered planks were prostrate among heaps of embers, and the skeleton of the bellows itself, with shreds of shrunk leather, looked as if its last breath had been blown years, many years gone by. Taking mental notes of all I saw, we went onward over these long-neglected lands, perhaps to be as much neglected hereafter when I should become their owner.

The blacksmith's shop was situated near the river, if the shallow stream that coursed along could be dignified by so large a title. Shallow though the stream was, its water was as clear as crystal, and no scene more rurally beautiful could be presented to the gazer's eye. It floated on over a bed of sunken rocks, and now and then its surface was interrupted by an out-truding ledge, that broke the current of the stream and wrinkled its tranquil flowing into sharp and brilliant ripples. There was a sufficiency of these projecting ledges to afford a safe foot-passage, and so I proposed to cross over; for I felt an earnest longing to plunge into the rich forest that swept down from the mountain, and, in detached

clumps, stood in all arborial glory over the running stream, scattering here and there a bouquet of autumn leaves upon its transparent tide.

Sampson preceded me, to point out the rocks used by way-farers, and when we had passed half-way over, he stopped suddenly and turned toward me, with his hand significantly pointed at the quiet water that eddied around the rock on which he stood.

'Massa can see bottom now, can't he?'

I nodded an assent, for there was the bottom not one foot from the surface, and shoals of lilliputian fish were playfully stemming the current of the stream. Sampson smiled, and in his peculiar manner (I had already observed that he had a peculiar manner) looked at the old blacksmith's shop on our left and then at the gorge above through which the river found its way from the mountain springs. He then planted his hawthorn stick as firmly as he could in the moss that coated the rock, and inspired a long breath, half of thoughtfulness and half of physical recuperation. I stood some two feet from him, mid-way the stream, waiting his time either to reveal his thoughts, or to continue on his path. He evinced no disposition to do either, and so I asked him to go on.

'Massa can see bottom now,' remarked Sampson; 'but wait till next spring.'

'I can't, Sampson.'

The old man gave a low chuckle and then suddenly looked grave, but remained fixed to his rock, as if he thought it the most delightful position for a person of his color and quality, in the world. The water bubbled on, and the natural quietude of my character was beginning to fall into the sweet sentiment of the low music at my feet, and of the solemn silence of the woods about me, and I would very soon have become indifferent totally to Sampson's progress or his thoughts when he roused me from the incipient stage of pensiveness that always attaches itself to those devotedly fond of woodlands and water scenery, or scenery of any description, when they are brought face to face with the elements of their love.

'In spring you can't see bottom here, Massa, and you can't see these rocks neither. It's all wild and deep hereabouts. Old trees, fence-rails, stumps, every thing comes down the mountain, and such a flood! Bless you, Massa, dis place is awful then, for it's the narrerest place afore it gets to the rapids down yonder. This is the place where old Mike saved Benny Brown's life when the old Injin could n't swim, cause he had the rumatics, and he slipped down from a rock up yonder, just where you see the big walnut; and down old red skin came to this crossin', half dead with drownin'; but old Mike was at the shop yonder, and he went in and he got the Injin out, and then Miss Emily took the Injin home and they kept him there all spring, leasewise, most all spring, till he got so he could get his rifle up to his shoulder; and then he went up the mountain, where he lived; but Benny never forgot that time, and he never forgot Miss Emily, or old Mike; and a'terward, some two years a'ter that, Miss Emily heard the Injin was sick and could n't go about; and though it was winter-time, and snow deep all around, and mighty deep and drift-like on the mountain, Miss

Emily, that's Mass Richard's wife, you know, carried old Benny plenty to eat, and she nursed the old fellow. Mike used to go along with Miss Emily 'cause Benny would n't 'low any body else to go to his cabin. Benny never forgot that either, and a'terward, when Mass Richard got killed, did n't that old red critter show how he felt 'bout Miss Emily, when she was taken down? Murder was n't too bad for Benny then, Massa, 'deed it was n't, and to this day he stops and thinks and talks to himself, and grabs his gun and looks all about as if he wanted to p'int it at some body. Mike preaches to Benny 'bout it, but it aint no use. Injin is Injin, and you can't get the red blood out of him. Why, bless your soul, young Massa, he walks all round and round these woods, and most any day you can see him sitting on the big rock down by the rapids, jest opposite our side of the river, and he do n't move, but keeps looking over at the Hut-house all the time; he looks as if he would n't let any body come a-nigh it. Some people think the old Injin's gone clean crazy, but he aint. Mike says it's Injin natur. Massa, we 'll meet old Mike 'bout here, I 'spect.'

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

WHEN Sampson had finished the recital of Benny Brown's adventure in the spring-flood, and his attack of rheumatism in the winter mountain, and given me something to think about in his devotion to 'Miss Emily,' and his desire to do some deed of savage gallantry and revenge after her husband's death, the sable genius of the place stepped from his rostrum rock, and I following, we speedily found ourselves upon the desired shore.

There were several paths leading down to the water's brink from the neighboring forest, and into one of these Sampson led the way. Dense and glorious was this forest; and fresh as I was from city life, I joyously entered into its depths, kicking the leaves of multitudinous colors before me, as I deviated from the half-concealed path by which my guide was conducting me. While wandering on, inwardly exulting as the prospect rose clear and distinct to my mind, that I might ere long become the owner of all this sylvan scene; of all this mountain river; of all these places, linked with associations, that would give me constant theme for thought; and that I was to pass my life among primitive people, who would not assail me by their vulgarity or annoy me by their equality; I heard Sampson's voice ringing loud through the woods some distance in advance of me.

'Here he is, Massa; got him at last. Here he is!'

'Here he is' turned out to be Mike the carpenter. As I approached I had time to observe this new feature of the place, this other simple hero, in a small way, of this simple history that I am writing.

He was seated on a large gray boulder that had its base deeply imbedded in the soil, and over which the sun was shedding the warm effulgence of an Indian summer day. The spot was open to the eye of Heaven, and the old carpenter had doubtless selected it on account of its pleasant warmth. In his hand he held a well-worn book that he evidently had been reading; but now he was all attention to Sampson, who was standing by him, and by his manner and gestures induced the

flattering belief, that I was the subject of his remarks. I did not give him time, however, to enter largely into my personal merits or prospective plans; for stepping up, I saluted the other old negro gentleman with that feeling of respect which, thank HEAVEN, I have kept as a part of the inheritance I derived from my father and my mother. It was not the feeling of a patron or a superior, but that better habitual sentiment, which springs from mutual services rendered, and from mutual kindnesses and mutual love, and that never degenerates into a theory of conduct or a system of philosophy.

I will not enter here into a personal description of this black John of the wilderness, who had assumed a mission to himself to convert the Indian. Suffice it that I made inquiry after his infidel pupil, and secured his company in a continued walk that became necessary to accomplish my object. So on we three went up the gradual mountain-side, and every now and then I stopped, as did my companions, to gaze upon the wealth of nature that was about us; and in these pauses of our walk, I had occasion to remark that Mike was a man of better education than usually falls to others of his color in the Southern States, not that education is a thing totally disregarded there, but circumstances beyond the influence of human will have retarded the improvement of the negro intellect. I found in this old carpenter of the woods a man of fluent words, and at times of sentiments of great religious beauty. How simple was this little history that he told me as we rested under the boughs of a group of mountain pines. I had taken his book out of his hand, with a request that I might be permitted to examine it. In turning over the fly leaves, I had fallen upon some half-obliterated lines in a hand of delicate female penmanship, and while engaged in making out the faded ink that time had obliterated, and Mike's reading in the open air had helped also to efface, Mike came over to where I was seated, upon a moss-covered rock, and catching the puzzled expression of my face, said: 'Young Master, you are doing what a great many have done before you, and what a great many will do after you. You are trying to make something out of that hand-writing. Perhaps your book-learning will help you, but wise preachers of the Gospel, that I have seen, do n't make it out at all. It seems to puzzle them, and they say: 'Mike, stick to what is printed in the book, and let the writing in the woman's hand alone.' Now, young Master, I have a feeling 'bout that woman's hand that you now see all worn out in that book. It seems to me that whoever she was, took heap of pains to write what she did write, well. It might have been a poor school-teacher lady; but I do n't pretend to know. There's the word 'faith,' and there's the word 'manger,' and here is the whole line, 'I lift my broken heart to THEE;' and here again is 'baby,' and then again, 'my child,' and see down there 'sweet Bethlehem's babe;' and the year too, is written, and the month. Now, when the wise preachers told me to look only at the printing in the book and not mind the hand-writing of the woman, I thought they might as well, young Master, tell me not to look down at this little green piece of moss that you have punched out of the ground with your foot, but always, all the time, look at the things that men have made. Master, I look at the moss because the moss is a parable to me, and so is the big pine over your head, and

so are all these rocks parables and preachin'. Whose book is this if it aint the ALMIGHTY MASTER's book, and aint this moss jest as fine writing as the lady's writing in the printed book, and aint it jest as broken up by your heel as the lady's writing is in this prayer-book, by hard usage and one thing and another? I always think that the MASTER up yonder has His eyes open upon broken things and little things, as our SAVIOUR had His upon little children more than He had upon big men and women, and upon broken people too, as the Scripters tell us, poor critters; and I love to read and spell over the lady's hand-writing in this book, because it seems to say something of sorrow and the child she had, or that was dead, and our REDEEMER's manger in Bethlehem and she seems to look that way for hope. But, young Master, this book is to me very valuable. I found it, Master, where books do n't grow. I was walking along one Sunday morning, ten years ago, by the rapids near old Mass Billy's house, and the sun was shining bright, for it was Sunday, and he shines brighter to poor folks and negro folks on Sunday than any other day; and there, lying wide open, upon the white rock on the other side of the river, I saw this book. I looked all round, but nobody was about, and I stooped and picked it up, and when I looked at it and found out what kind of book it was, I looked right straight up to heaven, and I expected to see some white hand 'way up there with its fingers just closing, as if it had dropped the blessed printed thing in a poor sinner's way on purpose to make him good; but there warn't any hand up there that I could see with these old eyes of mine; but my heart looked up arterward, and there I saw the white wounded hand, and the white arm, and the eyes, and all of that ONE who had died for sinners, and I knew He sent it to me, and I keep it always by me, for He may ask me for it some of these days, when I am out here alone in the woods, and I want to show it to Him when He asks me for it. People about here think that the poor lady had wandered away from her friends, who were travelling here with her, and that in her sorrow she laid the book down on the hard rock and then laid herself down in the water-fall, and God help her, Master, if she did that, for the water was high then, and the poor critter pretty soon found out that the shore she last stood on, was nothing but a thread to the big shore where the rapids took her.' Mike raised his eyes and gazed upward at the blue and beautiful away, while Sampson, with folded arms, looked at the up-turned face of his friend. It was then that the idea first took possession of my mind to baptize that rock of the sacred book; and, thank HEAVEN, it came to me afterward to have the power to do so. I said before, that it was an idea conceived in no idle moment, and now it will be clear to all, that I did no wrong when I invoked the aid of a Christian form to consecrate, at least to my own mind, the spot whereon, like a wounded dove, the book of the Christian's hope had been left, all fluttering by the sweeping river.

It might be true, as old Mike supposed, that that rock had been an altar on which a withered heart had offered its last sacrifice of life.

In silence we went onward until we reached an open plateau that was nearly stripped of timber. A space of some ten acres had been cut down, and the relics of the giants lay scattered about among the thick under-brush that sprang up in all directions. Paths, worn by human



feet, but now covered with patches of autumn grass and moss, and roads worn by wheels, appeared in all directions. Sampson led the way over broken and rotten branches of lopped trees, and around huge trunks, over which the woodbine, glimmering red, was interwoven in heavy mosses, until suddenly he came to a point of the mountain-side, where it shot abruptly down to the stream far below. The old man stopped and beckoned me to approach. Pointing to a space of smooth earth, that commencing at the brow of the precipice, continued without interruption, until it reached the banks of the river at its foot, and which formed a steep road from the top to the terminus, and while his eyes flashed with unusual animation, he uttered the plain and unmistakable epithet generally addressed to men of well-established characters in iniquity: 'Villains!'

'What's the matter, Sampson?' I said, stepping close up to the old gentleman, and looking down the steep and open road-way.

'What's the matter, young Massa, plenty's the matter! Now jest look at that there slide. How many trees do you think these poor white trash have slid down there? Why, trees enough to buy this whole property. They's been at it these two year, and nobody to stop 'em. Stealing and stealing all the time, they cut it down in this clearing in fall and winter, and down the slide with it into the creek, and then down the river. They sends it over the rapids in the spring. It almost sets me crazy, sometimes, to see great rafts going down before the house-door. You 'll have trouble with these people probably.'

Before I had time to offer any remarks upon Sampson's very important revelation, a series of incidents occurred, that for the moment entirely drove the subject from my mind.

Mike, who had not approached to the log-slide, had been standing some ten or fifteen yards away from us, and now our attention was drawn to him by an exclamation that was just loud enough to reach us. Turning to see what caused this low and cautious ejaculation of attention, I observed that the old man was looking with a fixed gaze at something on the ground, and which was evidently of sufficient importance to call into the expression of his face the symptoms of great alarm. He kept moving his left hand in a cautionary manner, so as to convey to us the necessity of great circumspection in our approach, while with the other hand, in which he held his book, he pointed at the object that had so evidently excited him.

A few steps brought us to the scene.

The sun was shining warmly upon the mountain-side, filling the air with a sense of deep repose, amounting almost to the feeling of happy indolence. Whatever of breeze there was, was of entire mystery, it was so still and moveless. I could, to be sure, indistinctly trace a current of air moving the leaves of the forest, and occasionally a breath would warm against my cheek, but so quietly that I might have counted it as my own. A screen of bushes covered our position and concealed us entirely from that part of the clearing toward which our attention was then specially directed; but from our place of accidental ambush, even without moving the branches of the fallen trees, behind which we were, we could distinctly see all that passed in the more open space before us

On a rug of moss, about a foot in diameter, that had sprung up since the last spring's travel upon the path, lay coiled in all the real terror of his mighty twinings, a huge rattle-snake. Fold upon fold was matted in the terrific wreath, and projecting from the knotted circles shot the serpent's broad head, his broad, muscular head, with its glittering eyes. There had the monster of the woods drawn himself to seek on the velvet carpet, that moss carpet which Mike, but a few moments before, had called his parable, his synonym to the delicate tracery of the lady's penmanship in his holy book, the warming influence of the forenoon sun.

Whether he had become aware of our neighborhood or not, I cannot say, but something evidently had disturbed him, for a shadowy motion was perceptible through his body, flowing up and down, like the undulating waves upon watered silk, and his eyes darted intrepid fury at some object that had aroused his attention. While we were watching these precursory movements of battle, that fearful sound, fearful to all woodmen, was sprung, and the rattle shivered its peal of death. We scarcely breathed, for with my hand up-raised, I controlled the actions of my companions, determined to use what I had newly taken in complaisance to Sampson, the rifle, equally fatal in its effects to the venom of the girded reptile before me. This state of affairs lasted but a few moments, when the sound of crackling under-brush was heard in the distance. At the sound, the reptile's flushings, if I may use that term to express those movements on the surface of his body that I have spoken of before, became more rapid, and his whole being seemed to be startled into the extreme of vigilance. On came the crashing sounds, and upon looking in the direction whence they proceeded, we beheld a noble stag in the full pride of his antlered strength, bounding over the stunted under-growth, and approaching in a straight line upon the snake. A few more leaps, and they were brought face to face. The deer paused but for an instant, and the serpent raised his head higher, and a few rapid whirls took place that unbound him from his coil. It was only an instant's pause, for the deer, some twelve feet distant from him, made one rapid spring, and bounding into the air, dashed with his four sharp arrow-headed hoofs contracted, upon his foe, and then leapt away at an acute angle, stopping only long enough to see the result of his attack. It was fatal. Pierced through and through by the deer's hoofs, the serpent's body lay severed on the moss. So quick were all these movements, that I had not had time to use the rifle, either at the snake or his destroyer; but as the latter was making his last bound ere he plunged into the protecting shadows of the forest, I drew my aim upon him and fired. No sooner had the report rang sharply from the piece, than a rough hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice rougher than the touch shouted in my ear:

'Who fires here?'

I turned instantly upon the intruder and shook his grasp from me, and with my gun clenched firmly in my hand, demanded who he was.

'A white man, equal to you and your two old crows.'

He looked as if he might be.



## THE LEGEND OF THE MILL.

'T WAS a wintry night, when the earth was white  
With depths of the driven snow;  
And the Northern Light shone marvellously bright,  
In the years of long-ago:  
Not a cloud went by the moon in the sky,  
Or the planets shining out;  
And far over-head a comet sped,  
A-swinging his tail about.

The blast was strong, and it swept along  
Through valley and over hill;  
And passing in power at the mid-night hour,  
*It shook the roof of the mill,*  
Where heavy and slow went the wheel below,  
With many a shock and groan;  
And a fat old man, while the waters ran,  
Was sawing his logs alone.

From chime to chime, all the weary time,  
Went the saw in the bitter cold;  
And high or low, and fast or slow,  
Like the swing of a ballad old.  
The oak was there, who was strong and fair;  
And the pine, who was green and tall;  
And one by one, when its work was done,  
The saw had severed them all.

Still the wheel went round with the same dull sound,  
And its lumbering load of ice,  
And the cock had told the hours in the cold,  
Of the morning twice or thrice.  
The moon sank low, and the shades on the snow  
Were lengthening long and far;  
And the head and tail of the comet turned pale,  
And fled without touching a star.

Then ceased the noise of the saw's harsh voice  
In the silence strange and deep,  
And to-and-fro walked the old man slow,  
Like one walking in his sleep.  
The winds were still around the old mill,  
But louder the rushing stream;  
And the work then wrought with terror fraught,  
Was the labor of a dream!

With a calm design, like a log of pine,  
Himself to the beam he bound;  
And the saw it fell, and it rose as well,  
And the wheel went round and round;  
He was drawn along by the waters strong,  
Not dreaming he was to die;  
And the first fierce stroke, as if meeting oak,  
Slabbed off an arm and a thigh.

And through and through, to its purpose true,  
 Went the saw from sole to crown,  
 And never he woke till a mightier stroke  
 Was splitting his back-bone down :  
 Ah! never, I ween, such plank were seen,  
 Since the days of the saw began ;  
 They were made, you see, of no forest tree,  
 But the flesh and bones of a man !

'T was a fearful sight when the morning light  
 Of the morrow hurried there :  
 And each neighbor wise with his own surmise,  
 Stood by with a silent stare,  
 And shook his head, for the minister said,  
 That he of the cloven hoof  
 When workers of ill brought logs to his mill,  
 Came to saw them under that roof.

And never since then have the hands of men  
 Done labor in that old mill :  
 It is crumbling away in swift decay,  
 And for years have its wheels been still :  
 O'er the buried stone has the green grass grown,  
 In the bed where the waters ran,  
 And by young and old this legend is told  
 Of the absent-minded man.

---

#### H A R D L Y   E I G H T E E N .

THE reader might very naturally expect, from the title of this article, that we were about to recount the triumphs of premature belle-ship, or invite attention to acts of female heroism.

On the contrary, we shall have no occasion to allude to the sex, except in a very brief way.

We esteem it a felicitous exemption for our homely pen, that our subject is capable of being placed in sufficiently bold relief, without any aid from the imagination ; and yet, at the same time, we confess that there is a perilous pleasure connected with the idea of presenting for perusal a plain matter-of-fact narrative, unless it is dressed up like our modern young lady for company, and its natural proportions adroitly disguised by rhetorical wreathes and flounces.

The imaginative faculty seems to reveal itself now-a-days with a sort of miraculous energy ; evidences of which appear on every page of our 'Monthlies.'

In the absence of this captivating quality of the mind, we must solicit favor to the *essence* of our offering, without the sparkle.

The result of the discipline to which the young men of New-England were subjected some forty years ago, is sufficiently evidenced in the number of invincible and resolute men, to whom the country has since

affixed the honorable title of 'Merchant Princes.' Stern necessity was, for the most part, the mother of their heroism, and self-reliance their only patrimony.

In connection with our subject, a passing tribute is due to the New-England mother; for without her agency, 'Hardly Eighteen' would never have seen the light.

She seems to be even more than the practical character, handed down in its integrity, to the present day. She could hardly have accomplished her great mission with so many and various obstacles to encounter, unless she had possessed an inheritance doubly charged with life. In our ignorance, we may assume that she has no prototype, and assign her origin to the blending of the best blood of the best races, which, acted upon by circumstances so peculiar and extraordinary, occasioned the full development of those combined forces.

Place her anywhere at the present day under difficulties, and the electric spark will begin to unfold itself, to awaken, kindle, and illumine.

There is a hearty allegiance to some commanding principle of action, observable in all her doings; and there are few labyrinths through which her self-reliance may not thread its way.

Her characteristics, as displayed in the moral world, remind us of the better half of that scale of mountain altitudes which geographers have prepared to give a suitable idea of the high part *they* perform in the physical.

It is now a matter of history, that the great majority of those New-England merchants that attained a distinguished rank within the last forty years, began life with little or no pecuniary means. Many of them were born in poverty and reared in orphanage; and to some, the singularly touching words of an English poet may possibly apply:

'Child of misery, baptized in tears.'

It is known to those whose hair is now gray, that during the early part of this century, and up to 1835, we seldom had advices from India, China, and the west coast of South-America earlier than four months, and more frequently five or six; and even from Europe, sometimes sixty days would elapse, barren of news, as to the excess or diminution of supply in the leading articles of commerce.

When the merchant had projected almost any voyage, it was essential to his interest to employ a confidential agent or super-cargo to accompany the ship, superintend the disposal of the cargo, and purchase a return one; for he had embarked his capital founded on advices six months old, and six months more would elapse before his goods would arrive in China or India, and consequently many risks and changes had to be encountered, and surmounted, if possible, by the supercargo. This was the kind of training that prepared the resolute young men of New-England to enter on the toilsome course of mercantile competition, forming and maturing by its discipline those essential qualities, reflection, judgment, presence of mind, and a knowledge of the products and wants of all nations.

Now, the uttermost parts of the earth may be reached in forty-five days ; commerce is made easy for the million ; and all adventure, frequently with about as much knowledge as he that sent warming-pans to the tropics.

The result is, over-importation, and the merchant who knows the annual wants of the country to be one hundred, finds to his astonishment, two hundred imported ; that is, one hundred he knows from experience the second hands or *green* will purchase, the other one hundred he finds has been imported by the *green* himself.

As a matter of course, the *green* fails, cocks his beaver at you, and offers, to pay the liberal sum of twenty or thirty cents on the dollar, and if you don't like that, you can help yourself ; keeps his seat as director at banks, and rail-roads, and deaconship of his church ; drives fast horses at the imminent risk of his pedestrian creditor, and thus tramples under foot the standard of commercial honor.

Better, far better the 'slow coach' for every nation. Some thirty years ago a square-toed merchant was standing on a Boston wharf observing a young clerk who was receiving goods from a ship. 'Well, Charley, ship making a good voyage ?' 'Very good, Sir ; the goods are well bought, and are of good quality. Look at this sugar, Sir.' The colloquy lasted some minutes, and was terminated by the merchant in the following words :

'Do you see that brig in the stream ? that is my vessel, now loaded and ready ; you may take charge of her cargo, and see what you can do with it in South-America.' Thus was the hand of patronage extended to the youthful promise of our hero, by the discriminating mind of a ship-owner, and in twenty-four hours he is afloat, and finds himself master of the vessel's cargo and its destination. All the added force that educational discipline could impart to his stout heart and determined will, was derived from the parish school. No progenitors had left alluring and guiding lights to brighten and encourage his early steps ; but yet, at the age of hardly eighteen, he felt that there *was* a Mecca to be reached by every assiduously faithful and persevering soul.

The cabin becomes his lyceum by day, and the deck his observatory by night. Responsibility having been unexpectedly thrust upon him, the eye of his mind becomes more active and penetrating, and gains enlargement as the sphere of duty widens. He is probably furnished with a copy of 'Bowditch's Navigator,' and 'McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce,' which, united, may be regarded as a sort of Bible to the diligent inquirer after nautical and commercial lore.

After Charley had recovered from sea-sickness, and appeared at the table to eat his first breakfast, Captain Jotham saluted him thus : 'Good morning, Mister ; well, I'm glad you're out at last, as I should like to know where in h—ll we are bound to ; for the old man's orders are to proceed to Q —, in South-America, where *you* will give *me* orders where to land the cargo : it must be some infernal wild business, that he must needs send *you* as special agent.'

Charley could barely refrain from laughing at this specimen of an old Cape Cod salt ; but he thought he saw his man, and soon pacified him. It was his first lesson in managing himself, by which lessons we

soon learn to manage others. Jotham was dirty, indolent, and ignorantly pious ; he prayed for such an accumulation of riches as would enable him to buy salt works, and lie on his back and see the wind-mill pump up the water, and the sun evaporate it. In calm weather, that test of temper on ship-board, the captain would come up in the morning and look around the horizon and drawl out to his first officer : 'W-e-l-l, Mister Jones, no wind to-day, better settle the yards on the cap ;' then return to his state-room and lie down, and read his Bible aloud until dinner-time. His biblical proficiency may be divined by the following : 'I must confess, Mr. Supercargo, that I'm puzzled with this ere chapter, or rather this ere part : 'Straight is the gate and narrow is the way.' Charley endeavored to explain, but Jotham interrupted him :

'Oh ! darn it, that is not the thing ; what I'm after is, to know where the *gate is* !'

The energy and discretion of our super-cargo soon find an ample field for their exercise among competitors of maturer years on a foreign soil.

After a tedious passage, he arrived at Q —, and soon found that his hopes and his prayers for the successful result of his first enterprise were not to be realized. The port was full of American ships, and what was worse, it was the same in all the principal ports on the coast.

He did not sleep much during his first night ashore. A heavy loss on the outward cargo seemed inevitable, beside great detention in port, ere it could be sold. Early in the morning he sought out an old native merchant, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and *he* confirmed all his previous impressions as to the bad state of the Q — market.

In the course of this interview, the old merchant remarked : 'You might try the port of M — ; English vessels go there, and as you have not incurred port charges, and as it will not cost you more than three weeks' time, perhaps you had better do it.'

Of this interview, Charley said nothing to his consignee, being determined 'to row his own boat.' After obtaining all the information he could, and a letter of introduction, he was soon on board the brig, and again ploughing the deep. 'Now for M —,' said our young hero to Captain Jotham ; but where M — was, Jotham's general chart did not say ; but Charley had the latitude and longitude, and away they went, and found a small village, hoisted colors for a pilot, lay off and on from morning to night, Jotham cursing and swearing at being ordered to 'no place at all !'

Next morning they run in quite near the breakers, and at last saw a boat approaching with a great many cocked hats in it.

In those days every petty revenue officer was dressed in uniform, and more formality and trouble in entering a vessel than there is now in discharging her.

This boat-load of officials astonished Jotham, while Charley took all as matter of course. Six of the cocked hats were armed with pistols, and various unintelligible questions were asked and answered, equally edifying to both parties. Jotham, with the emphasis of a badgered Cape-Codder, settled the matter by asking : 'Where in h — ll the pilot

was, and what he meant by keeping him backing and filling all day there for ?

The officials caught at the word pilot, (pilote,) and ventured on board. Charley was standing at the gang-way, and observed that the first comer kept his pistol in his hand, and did not appear to be assured of his safety. When they were all on board, the ship's papers were shown to them, but they comprehended them not.

Jotham began to be a little alarmed, for he knew, although he did not say so, that this was not the usual way of proceeding. The thought now uppermost in Charley's mind was, to get on shore as quick as possible, and see what could be done with his assorted cargo ; and as for the boat and cocked hats, he took that for the custom of the country ; so, with little ceremony, he made the officer understand that he would go ashore in *their* boat : this seemed to relieve them all.

Charley waited for Jotham, as the captain always represents the ship ; but the captain gave him the papers, and said there was no occasion for him to go ; beside, he must see the vessel safely anchored. Away went Charley, and with him six cocked hats : a long walk from the beech brought him to a very pretty village, up to the strangest looking house in it, into which he was ushered, and there found many other cocked hats, who talked a great deal, addressing much of their conversation to him. Some of the questions he answered readily, as he had managed on the voyage, with grammar and phrase-book, to get at what he supposed necessary. He soon saw that something was wrong, but could not make out what. When getting rather tired, he took out his letter of introduction, and marching up to him that appeared the chief, he showed the superscription, asking, in good English, if said chief would direct him to said person. This created a sensation, and he soon understood that he was desired to remain, and the party would be sent for.

Soon after a gentleman came in, evidently an Englishman, looking a good deal flurried. Taking it for granted that it was his man, without further ceremony, Charley interrupted his conversation with the chief by asking him if he was Señor Pedro. Finding that he was right, he pressed him with questions by the dozen, as to the value of the various articles of his cargo. He was stopped with : ' Beg your pardon, if you will allow me, we will arrange that with the Commandante.'

Soon after, the Señor took Charley by the arm, and escorted him to his hospitable home.

During the walk, the latter could not help expressing his surprise at the ridiculous formality to which he and his brig had been subjected.

An unexpected revelation now saluted his ears.

It appeared that his vessel had been taken for a pirate, and that an armed boat had been sent off to board her, and that the old guns in the fort were loaded to the muzzle to bang at her, if she tacked again seaward.

Charley found that he could here dispose of one half of his cargo at very good rates, and contract for a return cargo as soon as the crop came in. After landing one-half, he went back to Q —, greatly to the surprise of his consignee there. He wisely kept his own counsel,

as to what he had done, and what he proposed to do. His consignee gave him very little encouragement ; but he kept at him, and by constant perseverance effected some sales himself.

The Christmas holidays were approaching and would suspend business for three mortal weeks.

He fretted under the prospect ; but one consolation to him was, that in any event he must wait for the crop, even if he had sold the remainder of his cargo.

One day he heard that government wanted a vessel to convey certain deputies to another province. Immediately he was at his consignee to offer his brig ; but he was informed that it was too small, and that four large English ships, beside American, had proposed for the charter. It was evident that the consignee was opposed to offering the brig, and the conversation becoming rather warm, he said : ' Why do n't you do it yourself ? The Governor speaks English.'

' Then I'll do it, of course,' said Charley, ' as I never allow any body to do for me what I can do for myself.'

The merchant smiled, and took it for boyish bravado. He started off for the palace, made his way into a large ante-room half-filled with officers, civil and military, and a sprinkling of English merchants, etc. At the upper end of the room hung a large curtain, with the arms of the state, beside which stood an officer, with a white stick in his hand. Our undaunted super-cargo looked about him a moment, and then concluded that behind that curtain must be the man he was after.

He knew the Governor by sight, seeing him pass the house daily ; so, without further preface, he coolly marched directly up to the curtain, pushed it aside, and entered before the man with the stick could recover his surprise, and found himself in a very handsome room, at the upper end of which, upon a raised platform, he recognized the Governor, and with him some dozen officers acting as clerks.

Outside the rail, around the platform, was an English merchant, to whom he knew that two fine English ships were consigned : beside him, some half-dozen officers in full uniform, evidently waiting their turn to be recognized.

The Governor was talking to a person in front when Charley entered. Seeing the curtain pushed aside, and a mere lad marching directly up to him, he, in no pleasant vein or manner, said something which Charley did not understand ; but it caused all eyes to be directed to him, when he instantly responded : ' Sir, I do not speak any thing but English, but know that your Excellency speaks that language.'

' Well, my little man, what do you want of me ?'

' I understood, Sir, that a vessel is wanted by government, and I have come to offer mine.'

' Why, you do n't mean to say that *you* have charge of a vessel ?' said the Governor.

Charley, pointing out of the window, replied : ' There she is.' The Governor seemed to think it a good joke, and came and took him by the arm, and walked to the balcony, and asked how much he would let the vessel go for. The offer made the Governor smile, and he said : ' Come, come, my little American, that's altogether too much, for I am offered



a vessel twice as large for much less money.' 'Well,' said our young diplomat, nothing abashed, 'I'll go as cheap as any Englishman!' 'Good!' says the Governor; 'and now I'll order my barge, and we will go together and look at her: beside, I want a little fresh air.' So down they marched, much to the wonder of said two rooms-ful of people, the Governor all the time keeping up a sharp questioning upon various topics. He took up, as he went along, what Charley soon found out to be what *we* should call the Naval Constructor; for coming alongside, this officer went on board alone; the Governor and Charley remaining in the barge. When the officer came back his report was not very favorable; for after a good deal of conversation, the Governor turned and said: 'Why, your brig's between-decks are not laid.' 'Oh!' says Charley, 'that's easily done.'

'But 't is expensive,' rejoined the Governor. Then he questioned him as to his plans, and why he wanted the charter. Charley readily replied that the trip might be performed while he had to wait to sell cargo, and thereby the brig's expenses would be saved, if nothing more, by taking the charter. 'Very good,' said the Governor; 'I'll take her, and you need not trouble yourself about the between-decks; I'll send the government-yard carpenter to attend to that: get the cargo all out, and I will consider your vessel as a government brig, and that will save you all port charges.'

Great was the surprise of all when the charter was known, and great the grumbling of better ships' captains.

The necessary papers were prepared by the consignee, and the brig was soon out of the expensive port with her precious freight. Charley, after disposing of the residue of his cargo, put the proceeds in his pocket, and took passage in a country vessel and went to M —, where he had ordered the brig to return. By the time she arrived, he had purchased a cargo, at about his own price, and with it he left for Boston, where it was sold for a large per centage profit. During these transactions, our super-cargo received not one line from his employer, neither had the owner any knowledge of the port at which his vessel was loaded; but as all vessels then on the coast were losing nearly fifty per cent of their capital, he had made up his mind that Charley could not be better off. If our super-cargo did not feel as much elated on his return to Boston as Napoleon did on his return to Paris after his first Italian campaign, it was because his hopes were perhaps fixed on a brilliant future. His first enterprise had developed qualities of character, superior in importance to common commercial valor, which, however valuable as an ally, cannot alone win the battle. There was manifested in these proceedings a true *Faith*, a sentiment which, when firmly entertained, banishes all mistrust, and imparts to all action its own inherent power.

No misgivings nor no devices of man can warp or annihilate it. It is as deep and lasting as the memorable incident that occurred at the 'Well of Sychar.'

'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come.'

Early success often proves to be a mere thread, unable to hold the freshly-impelled bark to its second moorings.

Not so with our hero, for that thread gradually waxed into a chain cable, sufficiently strong for all his future rich-freighted argosies, wherever anchored.

Unwavering *faith* plucks, right and left, the honors, emoluments, and successes of this world. The half-shut-up soul can never win or wear them.

In our social Scriptures, this is the doctrine that points to salvation *here*; but few there are that find it.

As years roll on, our hero makes them subservient to the laudable design of attaining personal independence. His next abiding impressions were received among the Spice Islands of the East, and they caught there a hue which deepened as life advanced.

The bloom and odor of that charming region became so inwrought with all that was captivating to his senses and profitable to his purse, that they still seem to sweeten his existence.

He can never speak of Penang and its surroundings, but as a physical heaven.

Success thus far had been challenged and won, and though it expands his desires, they are made to wait on judgment. Wherever he goes, within or without the tropics, he is come to be regarded as a kind of North Star, and as earnestly consulted.

He had now reached that half-way point of existence, when a man, if ever, may project himself into other minds and discover and define motives. Accustomed to explore all seas, he was prepared to impart more useful knowledge to the denizens of remote, half-civilized islands in a day, than the learned pedant could in a month, backed by all the appliances of classics, codex, and philosophy.

He makes a capture of prejudices, where the less skilful would incur and increase them; and without any governmental commission in his pocket, he carries in his head and heart an authority that no words on parchment can either dignify or strengthen.

It is from this sturdy, full-blooded stock that proceeds our really effective commercial ambassadors. It was a remark of Socrates that 'the gods sell every thing to labor.' The merchant, possessing general ability and forecast is the great ally in enlarging the circumference of civilization. He is often seen penetrating into regions where the people have long lain in the ore, and there sinks a shaft that strikes and develops a long-hidden mine of material wealth; and not infrequently has the enthroned monarch become his pupil in the science of political economy, stirring up his dormant energies to a new development of his means and a brighter destiny for his people.

The race of hero-merchants is rapidly disappearing, *snuffed* out as it were by steam, telegraph, and banker's credits. Modern enterprise has now posted its sentinels on every foreign inlet and by-way of commercial traffic, and the votary of mercantile renown, however endued with courage and skill, can find few places on the world's map where those qualities may be signalized or tasked as formerly.

Success is just as difficult of attainment now as then; the field of operation is only changed, but requiring no change of equipment, nor a tithe less of robust virtue.

The influence which this class of merchants, which we have been considering has exerted in various parts of New-England, and especially in its capital, has been very salutary. They have possessed wealth, without being mastered by it, and have evinced a sagacity in using and applying it, that is beyond mere praise. When old age presses its leaden hand upon them, they can point to and talk of the ships they have built, the voyages they have projected, the acres they have reclaimed and enriched; and what is a crowning joy, they see around them the manly inheritors that will soon succeed to names untainted and possessions unembarrassed. Many a one of them has been invited to abandon his quiet independence by seductive promises of political honors, but he prefers to 'hear at a *distance* the noise of the Comitia,' and to pass the residue of his days in the groves of his own Egeria.

'THERE in bright drops the crystal fountains play,  
By laurels shaded from the piercing day;  
Where summer's beauty, midst of winter strays,  
And winter's coolness, spite of summer's rays.'

A halo of substantial renown encircles the form of the hero-merchant while living, and death only serves to disperse not extinguish it.

The incidents which we have attempted to relate in the career of 'Hardly Eighteen' were communicated to us some sixteen years ago from his own lips. He was then, as now, the thorough and accomplished merchant.

Our only aim in preparing this sketch has been, to endeavor to preserve and present in a decent form the honorable results of a first enterprise of a New-England lad, hoping that it may attract the attention of some portion of that countless number of young men who are now living fast and will die early, unless they awake to a new life with the firm resolve of making some mark for good on the age through which they are passing.

D. E. N.

## B E L L S .

## I.

BELLS ! bells ! bells !  
Oh ! your chime brings back to me  
The dear old time, the good old time,  
I never more may see.

## II.

Bells ! bells ! bells !  
Your chime *now* speaks to me  
Of the sad, sad time, in the eventide,  
When he passed away from me.

## III.

In the evening of the year,  
Oh ! we parted by the sea !

But the young voice fled, the dear one dead  
May never come back to me.

## IV.

With white upturned brow,  
'He lies where pearls lie deep ;'  
And the wild winds rave, and ocean waves  
Sing requiems o'er his sleep.

## V.

So when at evening hour,  
Those bells peal forth their last,  
My eyes weep sore, as the days of yore  
Come back from the shadowy past.

## L I N E S

## TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND FAR AWAY.

My soul thy sacred image keeps,  
 My mid-night dreams are all of thee ;  
 For Nature then in silence sleeps,  
 And silence broods o'er land and sea :  
 Oh ! in that still, mysterious hour,  
 How oft from waking dreams I start,  
 To find thee but a fancy flower,  
 Thou cherished idol of my heart !  
 Thou hast each thought and dream of mine :  
 Have I in turn one thought of thine ?

Forever thine my dreams will be,  
 Whate'er may be my fortune here ;  
 I ask not love, I claim from thee  
 Only one boon — a gentle tear :  
 May e'er blest visions from above  
 Play gently round thy happy heart,  
 And may the beams of Peace and Love  
 Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.  
 Farewell, my dreams are still with thee :  
 Hast thou one tender thought of me ?

My joys like summer birds may fly,  
 My hopes like summer blooms depart,  
 But there 's one flower that cannot die —  
 The holy memory in my heart ;  
 No dew that flower's cup may fill,  
 No sun-light to its leaves be given,  
 But it will live and flourish still  
 As deathless as a thing of heaven.  
 My soul greets thine unasked, unsought :  
 Hast thou for me one gentle thought ?

Farewell, farewell, my far-off friend ;  
 Between us broad, blue rivers flow,  
 And forests wave and plains extend,  
 And mountains in the sun-light glow ;  
 The wind that breathes upon thy brow,  
 Is not the wind that breathes on mine :  
 The star-beams shining on thee now,  
 Are not the beams that on me shine :  
 But Memory's spell is with me yet :  
 Can'st thou the holy past forget ?

The bitter tears that thou and I  
 May shed whene'er by anguish bowed,  
 Exhaled into the noon-tide sky,  
 May meet and mingle in the cloud ;  
 And thus, my much-loved friend, though we,  
 Far, far apart may live and move,  
 Our souls, when God shall set them free,  
 Can mingle in the world of Love :  
 This was an ecstasy to me :  
 Say would it be a joy to thee ?

## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

## NUMBER FOURTEEN.

IN WHICH MACE SPEAKS OF UNIVERSAL GENIUS IN GENERAL AND THAT OF THOMPSON ALEXANDER GLASGOW IN PARTICULAR—CONCLUDING WITH A MORAL ANECDOTE OF THE APOTHECARY WHO SPREAD HIMSELF A LITTLE TOO WIDE ON SEGARS.

I DO N'T know but what it may have struck the reader that there are some folks whose nature is to stick to one thing just as much as it is for others to spread themselves miscellaneously over the most variegated kind of a variety of pollycrowmational toptics. Both sorts deserve more pity than they get ; but principally the latter, for while the world lets the first chap off tolerable easy, only calling him old fogy and a man of one idea, it runs the second down worse than an old clock, constantly posting him as Jack of All Trades, Everything By Shorts and Nothing Long, and worst of all as *Genius*. And when they get him down to this last word, they're mighty apt to fix his flint entirely for him, for they rigged up a certificate in six letters, that he *could* have been something rich or extensive — and would n't.

It is queer any how, how hard folks are on these miscellaneous scatteration sort of characters who like variety. They may get along very well — may make money — get real estate — have their names every week in the papers with honorable mention — any thing you like — and yet, for all that, the regular rank and file never speak of 'em without a sort of misgiving shrug, as much as to say : 'Poor fellow, he might have made something if he'd only have stuck to one thing.' Which, considering what the grain of the wood really was, and what nature intended the poor fellow to be, is generally about as reasonable as if they'd blamed all the long and round sauce in a kitchen-garden for not growing up into a hickory pole. Just *about* as reasonable !

They can't keep it down ; but fortunately for some of 'em they move in a sphere where it do n't hurt. From where I sit writing in Sam Batchelder's and Hiram's office, and where I, too, have a small tin, (for the purpose of selling Yonkville and Wamskatequa,) I can see Mr. Thompson Alexander Glasgow very busy at work polishing of the pavement with a broom, putting in the fancy licks round the corner of the steps in the high graceful tone, and carrying on any amount of cheerful sass with the opposite office-boy, who seems to labor under a wild idea that he can shut Thompson up on personal abuse, a thing that nothing short of a dozen Tombs lawyers could ever begin to do.

Thompson is a colored man, one of varied, extensive, and peculiar resources. About a year ago, Hiram observed him somewhere on the Island as greatly gifted on horses, being able to groom them first-rate, and ride them either to buy or sell, as occasion might require. On the

strength of this, Thompson Alexander was informed that when he wanted a new place, he could have one in Hiram's service. He discovered that he had such a want almost immediately, and did not lose much time in making the change, since Hiram, to his great amazement, found Thompson, on his return that evening to New-York, in his stable, deeply engaged in whirling a wheel around, and washing it off according to Gunter.

Some two nights after, Hiram and I went in at a party — one of the small and selecters — not above five hundred people in three rooms, every thing magnificent, only a little too thick. People are like butter, best when you spread 'em a little. But in all the jam, I was struck by the flourishing splendor of the black waiters, and the self-confident rushing manner in which they went it in white gloves. A nigger in white gloves, waiting at a genteel party, is, in his own opinion, rather the most responsible individual about, the lady of the house being perhaps allowed to rank next. Captain and head of the waiters was one who knew his business 'up to the handle.'

'Mars' Twine, please show de ladies dis way — Mars' Twine, dis is de *old* wine — Mars' Twine, here 's a cheer fur de lady — Mars' Twine, I jis set by some champagne fur you that 'll pore straight out ice, its most friz into a lump.'

(Noty beany : a nigger's idea of champagne, correctly *glassay*, is always to have it 'most friz into a lump.)

'Well !' growled Hiram to me *sottow vosity* ; 'if that aint that infernal nigger Thompson, broke loose as a waiter ! Smart chap that. But it 's no wonder,' continued Hiram, 'he 's good at horses, and a man who can do that must be good at any thing, of course.'

The next morning, however, Mr. Thompson Alexander Glasgow was currying down 'Wretch' and 'Demon' as if nothing had happened ; and Hiram, who seldom cares a straw for any thing, had forgotten to remark on the subject.

A few evenings after, we were present at another 'small party with a little dancing,' where two violins, a violoncello and a flute did the musical. And we figured away in great style, not being so select as not to be jolly. We worked off all sorts of dances, and had a high old time generally, in a high old-fashioned style.

'Mace,' said Amelia, 'do ask those fiddlers if they know 'Money Musk ;' I do so want to hear a good old Western tune.'

The musicians happened to be colored folks, and were sawing and blowing away in a state of intense happiness which came near being a sort of delirium tremens. Whenever the dancers indicated uncommon spirit, they too became uncommonly spirited, stamping on the floor, rolling up their eyes, grinning and fiddling as if they had half the work to do, and were fully determined to have full half of the fun. When I went up and asked for 'Money Musk,' the leader answered by rising and bowing himself half in two.

' — Cer'nly, Mars' Sloper, cer'nly, wid de greatest subjie ob pleasure, Sah. Dixon, (to his second,) you will please report Money Musk on your violin, Sah, for dis gen'elman. Money Musk is a very admirable tune, Mars' Sloper.'



And off went 'de orkistry' on 'Money Musk,' as if it were a pious thing, and I returned to Amelia, wondering if Hiram knew what a genius he had for an hostler, for the leader in question was nothing short of being Thompson Alexander Glasgow, Esquire.

It came to pass in the course of time, that Hiram and I rode out one pleasant Sunday evening per rail, to a pleasant place 'over in the Jarseys,' where we dined with a friend, Mr. Crane Green Cowenhoven Voorhees, and had a good time, generally speaking. After dinner, Crane says :

'Gentlemen, if you want to see fun, just lay low now, and I'll show it to you. Just over the way I've got a small vacant house to let, and the back-portico looks right into a nigger meeting. The window'll be open, and we can sit there and smoke our segars, and hear the sermon first-rate. I just over-heard our cook say that the great preacher from New-York'll expound this evening ; so if you want some strong orthodoxy, now's your time. Tell you what, mild preaching do'n't go down with *that* flock, *Sir*.'

It was pretty well into the evening, and by the time we had gotten chairs on the balcony the sermon was under weigh. As Voorhees had prophesied, it was not one of the mild sort. The clergyman from New-York went in strong for punishment, gave very small chances, and let out his doctrine in a voice which might have been split into six and filled Grace Church with any one of the half-dozen. It has been observed that the darkey population like strong medicines and big doses for their bodily complaints, and I suppose it's according to the same rule that they reckon most highly those preachers who get on Bible steam up to the top of the register, and tie down the safety-valve.

'Cut down an' cass into de fiah,' roared the preacher from New-York, as we quietly stole on to the portico and sat down. 'Yes, my Crestian frens, and de barren fig-tree won't be de *only* tree dat'll be cut down and cass into de fiah in dem days. Der'll be a gwine into timber sitch as you never *did* see — a sawin' off o' branches, and a choppin' up o' back logs, and a bustin' up de old stumps wid powder, bark scalin' off, and de chips a-flyin' in a way dat'll trimble and skeerify de most owdacious sinnas in de flock ob Zion. Dar's many and many a tree, my bred'ren, dat'll find itself split-wood den, dat used to tink itself too fine fur enny thing but to grow up putty, to look at, or may-be be a shilter fur all sorts of carniverus sins — as de Scripture says dey sinned in all de high ole places, and under ebery green tree.

'*Who* is de sinna dat'll be cut up in dose days fur kinlins, and set fiah to de fust and burn, and burn, and burn wid de eberlastin' brimstone match at de bottom ob de heap? Whar is de sinna? whar is de mountain whar he spread forf his wings and spread his branches and leefs to de rain dat fall on de just and unjust, just as it happen to come? My bredren, it's de pine tree dat grows de highest, and holes his head up de wainest — de pine tree dat looks exactly like de Trinity steeple opp'site Wall-street, and de little steeple up an' down Fif Avenue, and in all de fash'nable plumendes. Dem's de pine-trees, my bredren, dat grows out a mity poor sile, ef it *has* got de gole duss in it, an' ef it does git so stuck-up dat it can't see de weeds it used to keep



cumpny wid when it was a little saplin. *Dem's de trees dat's orful sojt in de grain*, ef dey is white, and delikit, and *dem's de trees dat'll be rolled ober fur kinlins whareber dey grows*, ef it fall toward de souf, or ef it fall toward de norf, fur in de place whar de tree fall dere it shill be.

'But *who* is de sinnah dat'll be cut up in dose days wen de wood-man cums along wid de axt ob judgent and ob de 'possles? Dere's many a tough ole tree, my bredren, dat grows jiss as it pleases all fru life, and bleeves it wus predustynated fur nuffin else but to make nice timber uf; an I must allow, bredren, dat some of dem tough ole trees dus make putty good timber arter all — precious for axe handles and whip-stocks — but arter a while de axe handles break and de whip-stocks git cracked and de timber is burned, and den de crooked part ob de tree what was left is hunted up and cass into de fiah, fur in dat day it shill be as a fussakin bough and an uppermose branch which dey left because ob de children ob Isrel, and dere shill be deselation.

'But *who* is de sinnah dat'll be cut up in dose days and roll into de furniss of raff and hab de dore shut and de draff turned on wid de ole poker of wengeance stirrin him ober and ober and ober? What is de tree dat grows by de riber-side, and bleeves it aint no count less it gits dipt in de water and puts all its fafe in washin — like de new-fashioned doctor fokes dat cures ebery thing wid baff tubs, and wet rags, an spackins? Dar'll be a time, my bredren, when de water'll be wantin' to dat tree, when de twigs'll go off like shavens under de grate, and de fiah will consume it utterly, fur all de trees ob de feel shill know dat de high tree has been brought down, and dried up de green tree, and made de dry tree to florish.

'But *who* is de sinnah dat'll be forgiven and made into precious furnitur dat'll be kep furever unbroken and set up in de parler? Not de pine tree ob pride, nur de hickary ob stubbornness, nur de willer-tree ob de waters dat weeps fur nuffin, wurl widout end. No, my Crestian frens, it's de beautiful ebeny — de dark wood dat neber gits cass into de fiah — and de fine black walnut, and de dark complected cedar, and de African pam. Dem's de sort dat you neber see split into kinlins, fur it's de kind dat de true beliebers is made uf, and de righteous shill florish like de pam tree, he shill grow like de cedar in Libinum. Amen!'

Here the preacher caved in, completely done up, and falling back on the seat, began to fan himself with a white cambric, while the congregation went off in a particularly steep hymn, adapted to the extra sky-larking, short-lick metre. And Hiram, who had so far smoked like a steam-engine in a sort of stiff amazement, fell back too, and exclaimed with a take-my-hat expression:

'I'll be shot if it aint that nigger Thompson!'

I believe that Hiram began to take a queer sort of interest in Mr. Thompson Alexander Glasgow after this, particularly when he found that the horses were duly attended to. For some time, nothing out of the way showed itself beyond Thompson's taking a prize at the *Industrial Colored Fair*, for the best door-mat, or beyond his inquiring confidentially of me one morning, 'If a culled man could larn de law-

yer bisness would dey let him plead cases fur de odder culled people in de Tombs ?' But having obtained a day's liberty, he employed it in painting all the shutters of our opposite neighbor, who informed Hiram that Thompson did it quite as well as a regular painter, at half-price ; while the evening was passed at some ingenious leather-strap work, which he informed Hiram was to be 'a *bridle* present fur Massa Sloper !'

Finally, Hiram discovering him one day deep in the mysteries of a silver watch, which he had taken to pieces and was repairing for some other darkey — he was general watch-fixer for all the niggers of his acquaintance — burst out with :

'Well, you ARE a genius.'

'Well, Mars' Twine,' replied Thompson with a grin, 'I b'lieve I *is*.'

'But, Thompson,' says Hiram, letting out a leisurely puff of smoke, and holding out one leg, while Thompson, who had just seen a smutch of dust on the pantaloons, proceeded to dust it very carefully off with his felt hat. 'Thompson, why the d — I do n't you button down *on one thing* ; take up some line, spread yourself on it, and go your die ?'

'De fac is, Mars' Twine,' replied Thompson, looking up very serious from the dusting he was bending over to ; 'de fac is, I can't keep myself in. You mout jist as well feed a man on nuffin but tater as keep a head like mine on to one bizness.'

'Nuf ced,' quoth Hiram, as he turned off. 'It is a fact that some human heads are naturally split like swallows' tails, soft-shell tickets and old-fashioned sermons into different divisions. Split they will.'

'Of course,' says I ; 'and when the fancy or genius to do every thing well is *really natural*, they do n't as a general thing ask much favor from the world. These born pollylateral all sorts of fellows generally contrive to do pretty well in the long run. Thompson makes out to get along, and has money in the savings bank. But when it *is n't* natural to a chap, and he sets out to spread himself in all sorts of directions, he's apt to split in another way.'

'On the rocks ?'

'Ex — actly. And now,' said I — by this time we had got to the office, and were laying off comfortably in the furniture — 'I will tell you a story.'

'Propel !' quoth Hiram.

'I once knew a druggist,' said I, 'who got along so well in dealing in all sorts of rip-raps and in such a rumbled-come-tumbled mess of miscellaneous contraptions, that he at last undertook to go heavily into the fancy segar-case business. *That* he understood, too. Then he went one step further and tried segars. *That* he did n't.

'Well, it came round that one day he bought of some swindler or other a thousand segars, which were so heathen bad that the devil would n't have smoked one for fear the smell would have been too hard on the condemned. But Jimmy did n't know this, and thought he'd made an A No. 1 bargain.

'Jimmy had a great reputation for being close, and when he has —

'When he *has*,' replied Hiram, 'he'd better make up his mind to

have a more miserable life than the devil ever deserved, unless, indeed, *he* is a stingy character.'

(Reader, I only bring in this little outburst of Hiram's because I know that he would feel like caving my head in if he knew that I ever made an allusion to the subject of meanness in my writings, and he present, without making him say something savage against it. For I do believe, that of all the vile things that sin ever spawned into this mortal world, Hiram does hate a mean man; and Mace Sloper with him.)

'Well,' I went on, 'Jimmy had an out-and-out character for being close; and, of course, he had friends accordingly. Lively young chaps, who would n't mind trying a loud old sell on him. Jolly fellows, who'd have smoked him to death in a ton of his own segars. And they did pretty nearly.'

'When the fact that a thousand of these almighty mean segars were in Jimmy's shop got around, a little arrangement was made, the first result of which was to send Colonel Bill Davis in and make him smell of them.'

'Devilish fine segars those of yours, Jimmy,' says the Colonel.

'Now Jimmy was n't quite certain before that they were first chop, and when Colonel Davis praised them so, he smiled — right.

'What an aroma, what a bookay, what — ah — what a *tremendous* perfume!' says the Colonel. 'Nothing like it. We do n't smell that rich old odor often now-a-days, Jimmy — hey? That fine delicious exhalation of the Spanish isle of flowers requires a smeller like yours, Jimmy, to nose it out. I do n't believe,' he exclaimed very solemn, 'so help me Moses, that any man but you in this country would ever have had *such segars as* those publicly for sale in his shop. There aint many men who have the nerve to pay such high prices as you must have given for them. Taxed you pretty severe, I suppose?'

'Maybe Jimmy did n't go to work on this hint. He hesitated one minute and then bolted out at a desperate gulp:

'A shillin' a-piece for them segars, Colonel. Cost me most that.'

'I should think they *did*,' said Colonel Davis. 'Shillin' be d — d! If you did n't steal 'em, Jimmy, you did n't get *that* thousand for less than two hundred dollars. Why, man alive, those are the great *Labrador Scampadora Terra del Fuego* brand. Cabanas and Principe themselves, can't get those segars. One box of 'em is sent every year to the Queen of Spain, and a hundred to General Espartero. (You know I've been in Cuba!) Well, I'll take a hundred of 'em. Wish I could afford the lot!'

'And Colonel Davis swept out with his hundred as if he had just nailed the tallest sort of a bargain. In less than five minutes Pen. Lewis came rushing in:

'Jimmy, I want to see those segars. Same variety you sold Colonel Davis. Mind now, the *same* lot. Don't run your bogus on me this time.'

'The segars came out and Pen. took two hundred. About an hour after in came Josh Border blowing like an old porpoise.

'Ooh! whoare's the segars. Ho'ape you've no'at soald 'em ao'll.

Ooa-h ! The segoares, Pen. Louis baought — u'h. Great segoares, ooah !'

' You know that Josh always talks in a sort of chuckle-blow as if he had both cheeks full of mush, mixed up with letter As. There are some Dutch who talk in the same way.

' Hoaw many've you got left ? Who-o-o. Seven houndred. Only seven houndred — whoa the duvel caon take a foar smoak — uh — on seven houndred such segoares ? I'll toake thaot lot — wuh ! If you caon get moare, buy 'em !'

' And Josh, after doing up this lot of tick, puffed off, and the segars were sent after him. By-and-by a lot more fellows came rushing in and roaring after the great *Labrador Scampadora* brand as if they'd missed their fortunes, lost their sweet-hearts, and suffered promiscuous ruin, generally speaking. Where were the Scampadoras ; could he get any more Scampadoras ; why the devil could n't he keep a few Scampadoras in a private way for his regular customers. Some went off in a huff ; some cussed him ; some raised thunder ; some told him what they thought of him ; some raked up stories about his grand-father ; all going to prove that a more unkindler-hearted flinty old set of unnatural rips, who would n't keep segars for their friends family, than that of Jimmy's never existed.

' Now Jimmy began to privately suspect that either his friends had gone mad, or that some body in Cuba must have been crazy in sending such segars on at a hundredth part of them. He knew where plenty more were to be had of the same sort down at old Pedro Fumadore's, (you know Pedro, Hiram, the Spaniard, they used to call *High Joe* up at the Astor House,) though why they did it is more than I can tell.

' Well, Jimmy started bright and early next morning, and bought up all the Scampadoras he could lay his claws on, besides ordering another lot. Pedro stuck him for about two thousand dollars' worth.'

' Well,' said Hiram, ' how did the second lot go off ?'

' Never went at all, that ever I heard of,' answered I ; ' nobody ever called for one of 'em, strange as it may seem. The *Scampadora* stock went down to zero the very next day. By-and-by the story got round that a lot of the Onion Club fellows had clubbed together to sell old Jimmy, and had done it. That's all.'

' Moral ?' inquired Hiram.

' That a man may spread himself as far as his wings will go and no further. The fancy segar-case was within Jimmy's hatching abilities ; segars were an egg beyond him.'

' A bad egg they were for him,' quoth Hiram reflectively and wondering as I guessed (by the look of his boots and eyes) if a certain lot of land he'd bought the day before in 89,427th street, was n't about a foot beyond his own hatching range. ' A confounded bad egg.'

' Well,' says I, ' on the strength of that let's liquor !'

And the dark old bottle came forth, and the ice-water slid like a glass string from the office-filter ; and if there were any ghosts around they may go and tell the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* that Mace Sloper and Hiram sinned ' Otard-ishly.'

## A NEW FABLE FOR CRITICS.

BY CHARLES DESMARAIS G —.

A RUGGED crust of sterile soil  
 Once mocked a rustic's stubborn toil :  
 The scarce-hid rocks the plough-share feel,  
 And angry sparks snap at the steel,  
 And fright the oxen from the path,  
 And rouse the bumpkin's stupid wrath.  
 He spurns the sod with moody curse,  
 And, growling, swears there's ne'er a worse —  
 More useless — good-for-nothing lump  
 Of stone, on all the world's broad hump ;  
 Then, on his beasts, with coward goad,  
 He vents his rage and seeks the road.

Ere long, a scholar, travel sore,  
 But learned in all the mystic lore  
 Of Nature's secret laws, most wise  
 In all Art's wondrous mysteries,  
 Upon this barren glebe at length  
 Was fain to rest for lack of strength ;  
 And on the furrowed crust he flings  
 His weary limbs like slackened strings :  
 His listless hand awhile, uneyed,  
 Toys with the pebbles at his side,  
 Till instinct, (like a memory stung  
 To sudden life by something sung —  
 Some echo of a sound, once woke  
 A central nerve's electric stroke,) —  
 Rings on the tymbal of his ear,  
 A tinkle he was wont to hear  
 When on some metal's hidden track,  
 Of yore, his hammer's head would crack :  
 His eye that smouldered dull but now  
 Flashes beneath his heated brow ;  
 With miser's grip his agile hand  
 Snatches the pebbles from the sand ;  
 With microscopic power he strains  
 His vision on the flinty grains ;  
 Then, leaping from his couch of mould,  
 He shouts in triumph : 'Gold! gold! gold!'

## M O R A L.

The truth by which we might the happiest live  
 Is, 'Human wisdom is comparative ;'  
 The fear by which we should be oftenest nudged  
 Would seem to be : 'Judge not, lest ye be judged ;'  
 And last, not least, methinks the truest 'saw'  
 Is this, Opinion's but a thatch of straw,  
 Which, to conceal our want, in vain we raise ;  
 A neighbor scrapes a match — lo! it is all a-blaze!

*Phil.*, Dec. 16, 1856.

## Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART SIXTEEN.

I SEE by the newspapers that matrimony is becoming expensive at Boston. This does not seem to deter *modest* people here, if one may judge from the advertisements for wives that appear in our daily prints. Here are samples I cut from one daily New-York paper :

## 'Matrimonial.

'A GENTLEMAN OF THIRTY, WITH DARK BROWN HAIR, DEEP BLUE eyes, lively and affectionate, with six thousand a year, wishes to meet with a beautiful girl of 16 or 18, with a view to matrimony, fresh from or now at boarding-school, of a warm, romantic, and ardent temperament, to share his love and fortune. Answers will be sacred to his own eye and immediately replied to. Address, with entire confidence, ALFRED, box 161 Herald office, appointing a time and place of interview.'

'MATRIMONIAL—A YOUNG LADY, OF VERY PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE and good education, who inherits a large estate, and is connected with many of the most distinguished families in this country, but who, in consequence of her peculiar circumstances, takes this mode of forming acquaintance with a gentleman of good education and strictly moral character, not over thirty years old, and well educated, with a view to matrimony. A description of personal appearance required, and all communications strictly confidential and received for a week. Address Miss G. R., Brooklyn Post-office.'

'WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN, 33 YEARS OF AGE, A WIFE, OR rather a maid or a widow willing to become one. She must be under twenty-six, good-looking, intelligent, and well-educated, have good constitution, and be of a quiet, domestic, and affectionate disposition; money neither an object nor an objection. The advertiser does not allude to his personal or mental qualities, nor does he offer any apology for this mode of procedure, as he thinks both can be done more satisfactorily when he and his pretendue are in tete-a-tete. Address Martineau, Broadway Post-office.'

Happening to point these out the other day to our philosopher Pembroke, he handed me a paper, which he said he had drawn up for a purpose of the same kind. He begged me to publish it, and if any ladies applied to me, 'possessing the requisite qualifications,' he wished me to give him immediate information. I fear my task in this latter respect will not be very laborious. I glanced over his advertisement of what he required in a wife, and asked him if he was not a little too exacting. 'Not a whit,' said he; 'I could be happy with no less.' 'But have you as much to offer in return?' 'That,' he said, 'I will settle with the party in interest, when she appears.' Here is the 'modest request:'

‘Wanted a Wife.’

‘AGE. She must be at least nineteen years of age when married, and not over twenty-four.

‘HEALTH. She must have perfect health, and no hereditary disease, no predisposition to any fatal or malignant malady, no scrofulous tendency, no patent or latent or lurking disease or disorder whatsoever.

‘SIZE. Her size must bear the same proportion to persons of similar age of her own sex, as her husband’s to those of his. The advertiser stands six feet.

‘BEAUTY. She must have much beauty ; cannot have too much. Her shape must be symmetrical ; her hands, feet, ankles, wrists, neck and waist small ; her shoulders narrow ; back straight ; hips broad ; eyes large and bright ; hair full and strong ; complexion fair and lively ; teeth complete, regular, sound, and white ; her blood pure, fresh, red, rapid and visible. She must have the full use of all her limbs, and her air and carriage must be elegant, dignified, stylish, and commanding.

‘BLOOD. Her lineage must be lofty and pure ; her ancestors high-minded, chivalrous, leading men and women, There must be no sombre legends in the family, no annals of suicides, no maniacs or monomaniacs, no cases of unchecked ‘moral insanity,’ no criminals, no eccentric cynics fed on malice ; no shadow or stain of dishonor upon the family name to make her children hesitate whether or not to lay down their lives for it, and to preserve its honor untarnished.

‘PROPERTY. She must have sufficient property to maintain herself single comfortably in the social position in which she has been bred. She must be removed from that too common woman’s temptation to marriage, to wit, an *honorable* mode of ‘getting a living.’

‘ASSOCIATIONS. Her associations must be noble, cheerful, elegant. Her way of life must have run smoothly on amid plenty, ease, comfort, good taste, intelligence and knowledge of the world’s doings ; without much substantial care or sorrow or privation ; without much anxiety about the future ; mostly in a happy domestic circle, illumined by education, wealth, and high breeding, warmed by depth and earnestness of character, and fervent, mutual attachments, forming a wide-spreading, hearty, healthy, strong, home-loving, family feeling.

‘MIND. Her mind must be good. She must have good abilities, be as reasonable as is practicable in the female mind, and by no means void of imagination. Her leading mental traits must be plain, practical, down-right, good common-sense ; and coupled with it a perfect abhorrence of all hypocrisy, cant, pretension, airs, sickly sentimentality, and all whining mock-piety, awful or unnatural morality, or *fudge* of any other kind or name whatsoever. Her mind must be most heartily in love with *truth* in every shape, and must give her courage on all occasions when proper and becoming to act it, speak it, and hear it spoken, and compel it to be spoken to herself.

‘HEART. Her heart cannot be too warm, or too comprehensive. She must love her family deeply, and her mother almost to reverence. She must be steeped to the lips (above all other qualities) in that CHARITY which ‘is the vertical top of all religion,’ which ‘edifieth,’ and which



'suffereth long and is *kind*,' which 'envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,' which 'is not easily provoked,' which '*thinketh no evil*,' which '*rejoiceth in the truth*,' which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, *hopeth all things*,' in fine, that Charity by virtue of which HEAVEN, 'in the infinitude of its wisdom, *tolerates* all sorts of things.' She must have a natural love for little children. She must be benevolent, generous, and full of a sympathy that is ready and hearty for those in affliction and distress.

'TEMPER. Her temper may be impetuous, but it must be well mastered. She must be by discipline gentle, slow to anger, full of 'soft answers that turn away wrath,' and 'full of the milk of human kindness,' patient, hopeful, buoyant, cheerful, very fond of fun, but not witty, easy to laugh and patient under a good-natured joke, (if woman can be,) easy to forgive, never provoking, hard to provoke to bitterness, and by no means satirical.

'CHARACTER. Her character in general outline must be strong, self-relying, well poised, fertile of resources, confident, proud, and a perhaps little ambitious. She must be thoroughly imbued with vital piety; she must be governed by a regard for duty and principle in all things of importance; she must be willing to hear the advice of others, but apt to judge for herself; she should be fond of reading, and desirous of information about matters and things that interest the world in general.

'EDUCATION. Her education must be suited to her position in life, sufficient to enable her to understand the current historical and belles lettres literature of the day, and to discriminate between the true and false doctrines, and the virtuous and mischievous tendencies thereof. She must be tolerably well read in classic English imaginative writers, and her school learning must be thorough in the rudiments. I think, too, she must draw, paint, sing, play, and dance tolerably well.

'HABITS. She must be strongly disposed to activity and industry. Keeping her wants within the limits of her purse, she must be neat, elegant, and tasteful in dress and all her surroundings. She must not change her mind too often.

'MANNERS. In her manners she must be of all things thoroughly amiable; then she must be winning, easy, dignified, graceful, high-bred, and elegant; mild in her demeanor toward inferiors, and patient and respectful toward her superiors.'

'Is that all?' said I when I had again read the catalogue. 'Are you so easily satisfied? Better add, etc., etc., etc. I wonder you have not married earlier. You must have been waiting 'a falling sky to catch larks,' I half-muttered and half-meditated.

Pembroke, as if to break the current of my thoughts, interrupted me: 'That is all. Some day I may tell you why I never married in my early days, when love and not the understanding, bore sway.' A dark shadow, as of a rooted sorrow, passed over his countenance, and I perceived some thought was passing in his troubled mind, as he shrunk timidly away, perhaps lest his looks might betray his emotion too openly.

## D O N ' T   S A Y   ' Y O U   C A N ' T . '

Don't say 'you can't!' there's joy in store  
For all the happy humble;  
And there is wo  
For all below,  
Who choose to fret and grumble.

Each has a duty to perform,  
To 'fulfill an order';  
Do what you can,  
To be a MAN,  
And Heaven be your rewarder.

Do n't say you can't! but strive to think  
That old WEBSTER never meant it  
Or if he did,  
His conscience bid  
Him long ago repent it.

GOD gives to every man a task:  
Then, like the bold Philistine,  
Gird for the fray,  
Work while 'tis day,  
And be an honest Christian.

Man is a Reaper, sent to bind  
The harvest golden-spangled;  
And mean the sloth,  
Who quits his swath  
Because the grain is tangled.

Don't say 'you can't!' we're sent to toil,  
Where spades and sickles glitter:  
Then, brother, hoe  
Your honest row,  
Amid the sweet and bitter.

Do n't say 'you can't!' let us while here  
Lean one upon the other;  
Descend the hill  
With right good will,  
To aid a fallen brother.

The clock on yonder mantle-piece  
Is a picture human;  
The *brass*, in part,  
Shows man his heart,  
In part the *bell* is woman!

The faithful hands move round and round,  
To count the swift hours golden:  
Each tiny wheel,  
That turns with zeal,  
Shows each to each, beholden.

Then, brother, heed the simple text,  
And be a better neighbor:  
Do n't say 'you can't,'  
But, like the ant,  
Load up, and strive, and labor.

H. B. W.

## A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

*A Romp at Three-Fathom Harbor — The Moral Condition of the Acadians — The Wild Flowers of Nova Scotia — Mrs. Deer's Wit — No Fish — Picton — The Balaklava Schooner — And a Voyage to Louisburgh.*

PONY is very enterprising. We are soon at the top of the first long hill, and look again, for the last time, upon the Acadian village. How cosily and quietly it is nestled down amid those graceful green slopes! What a bit of poetry it is in itself! Jog on, Pony!

The corporate authority of Three Fathom Harbor has been improving his time during our absence. As we drive up we find him in high romp with a brace of buxom, red-cheeked, Nova Scotia girls, who have just alighted from a wagon. The landlady of Three Fathom Harbor, in her matronly cap, is smiling over the little garden gate at her lord, who is pursuing his Daphnes, and catching, and kissing, and hugging, first one and then the other, to his heart's content. Notwithstanding their screams, and slaps, and robust struggles, it is very plain to be seen that the skipper's attentions are not very unwelcome. Leaving his fair friends, he catches Pony by the bridle and stops us with an hospitable — 'Come in — you must come in; just a glass of ale, you'll want it;' and sure enough, we found when we came to taste the ale, that we did want it, and many thanks to him, the kind-hearted landlord of the Three Fathoms.

'It is surprising,' said I to my companion, as we rolled again over the road, 'that these people, these Acadians, should still preserve their language and customs, so near to your principal city, and yet with no more affiliation than if they were on an island in the South Seas!'

'The reason of that,' he replied, 'is because they stick to their own settlement; never see any thing of the world except Halifax early in the morning; never marry out of their own set; never read — I do not believe one of them can read or write — and are in fact *so slow*, so destitute of enterprise, so much behind the age —'

I could not avoid smiling. My companion observed it. 'What are you thinking about?' said he.

The truth is, I was thinking of Halifax, which was any thing but a *fast* place; but I simply observed: 'Your settlements here are somewhat novel to a stranger. That a mere handful of men should be so near your city, and yet so isolated; that this village of a few hundred only, should retain its customs and language, intact, for generation after generation, within walking distance of Halifax, seems to me unaccountable. But let me ask you,' I continued, 'what is the moral condition of the Acadians?'

As for that,' said he, 'I believe it stands pretty fair. I do not think

an Acadian would cheat, lie, or steal; I know that the women are virtuous, and if I had a thousand pounds in my pocket I could sleep with confidence in any of their houses, although all the doors were unlocked and every body in the village knew it

'That,' said I, 'reminds one of the poem:

'NEITHER locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows,  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.'

Poor exiles! You will never see the Gasperaux and the shore of the Basin of Minas, but if this very feeble life I have holds out, I hope to visit Grandpré and the broad meadows that gave a name to the village.

One thing Longfellow has certainly omitted in 'Evangeline'—the wild flowers of Acadia. The road-side is all fringed and tasselled with white, pink, and purple. The wild strawberries are in blossom, whitening the turf all the way from Halifax to Chezzetcook. You see their starry settlements thick in every bit of turf. These are the silver mines of poor Cuffee; he has the monopoly of the berry trade. It is his only revenue. Then in the swampy grounds there are long green needles in solitary groups, surmounted with snowy tufts; and here and there, clusters of light purple blossoms, called laurel flowers, but not like our laurels, spring up from the bases of gray rocks and boulders; sometimes a rich array of blood-red berries gleams out of a mass of greenery; then again great floral white radii, tipped with snowy petals, rise up profuse and lofty; down by the ditches hundreds of pitcher plants lift their veined and mottled vases, brimming with water, to the wood-birds who drink and perch upon their thick rims; May-flowers of delightful fragrance hide beneath those shining, tropical-looking leaves, and Meadow-sweet, not less fragrant, but less beautiful, pours its tender aroma into the fresh air; here again we see the buckthorn in blossom; there, scattered on the turf, the scarlet partridge berry; then wild-cherry trees, mere shrubs only, in full bud; and around all and above all, the evergreens, the murmuring pines, and the hemlocks; the rampikes—the gray-beards of the primeval forest; the spicy breath of resinous balsams; the spiry tops, and the serene heaven. Is this fairy land? No, it is only poor, old, barren Nova Scotia, and yet I think Felix, Prince of Salerno, if he were here, might say, and say truly too, 'In all my life I never beheld a more enchanting place;' but Felix, Prince of Salerno, must remember this is the month of June, and summer is not perpetual in the latitude of 47.

We reach at last Deer's Castle. Pony, under the hands of Bill, seems remarkably cheerful and fresh after his long travel up hill and down. When he pops out of his harness, with his knock-knees and sturdy, stocky little frame, he looks very like an animated sawbuck, clothed in seal-skin; and with a jump, and snort, and flourish of tail, he escorts Bill to the stable, as if twenty miles over a rough road was a trifle not worth consideration.

A savory odor of frying bacon and eggs stole forth from the door as we sat, in the calm summer air, upon the stone fence. William Deer,

Jr., was wandering about in front of the castle, endeavoring to get control of his under lip and keep his exuberant mirth within the limits of decorum ; but every instant, to use a military figure, it would flash in the pan. Up on the bare rocks were the wretched, wo-begone, patched, and ragged log huts of poor Cuffee. The hour and the season were suggestive of philosophizing, of theories, and questions.

'Mrs. Deer,' said I, 'is that your husband's portrait on the back of the sign ?' (there was a picture of a stag with antlers on the reverse of the poetical swing-board, either intended as a pictographic pun upon the name of 'Deer,' or as a hint to sportsmen of good game hereabouts.)

'Why,' replied Mrs. Deer, an old, tidy wench, of fifty, pretty well bent by rheumatism, and so square in the lower half of her figure, and so spare in the upper, that she appeared to have been carved out of her own hips ; 'why, as to dat, he aint good looking to brag on, but I do n't think he looks quite like a beast neither.'

At this unexpected retort, Bill flashed off so many pans at once that he seemed to be a platoon of militia. My companion also enjoyed it immensely. Being an invalid, I could not participate in the general mirth.

'Mrs. Deer,' said I, 'how long have you lived here ?'

'O Sah ! a good many years ; I cum here afore I had Bill dar.' (Here William flashed in the pan twice.)

'Where did you reside before you came to Nova Scotia ?'

'Sah ?'

'Where did you live ?'

'O Sah ! I is from Maryland.' (William at it again.)

'Did you run away ?'

'Yes, Sah ; I left when I was young. Bill, what you laughing at ? I was young once.'

'Were you married then — when you run away ?'

'Oh ! yes, Sah,' (a glance at Bill, who was off again.)

'And left your husband behind in Maryland ?'

'Yes, Sah ; but he did n't stay long dar after I left. He was after me putty sharp soon as I travelled ;' (here Mrs. Deer and William interchanged glances, and indulged freely in mirth.)

'And which place do you like the best, this or Maryland ?'

'Why, I never had no such work to do at home as I have to do here, grubbin' up old stumps and stones : dem is n't women's work. When I was home, I had only to wait on misses, and work was light and easy.' (William quiet.)

'But which place do you like the best — Nova Scotia or Maryland ?'

'Oh ! de work here is awful, grubbin' up old stones and stumps ; 't aint fit for women.' (William much impressed with the cogency of this repetition.)

'But which place do you like the best ?'

'And de winter here, oh ! it's wonderful tryin.' (William utters an affirmative flash.)

'But which place do you like the best ?'

'And den dere 's de rheumatiz.'

'But which place do you like the best, Mrs. Deer ?'

'Well,' said Mrs. Deer, glancing at Bill, 'I like Nova Scotia best.' (Whatever visions of Maryland were gleaming in William's pericrionicks, seemed to be entirely quenched by this remark.)

'But why,' said I, 'do you prefer Nova Scotia to Maryland? Here you have to work so much harder, to suffer so much from the cold and the rheumatism, and get so little for it;' for I could not help looking over the green patch of stony grass that has been rescued by the labor of a quarter-century.

'Oh!' replied Mrs. Deer, 'de difference is, dat when I work here, I work for myself, and when I was working at home, I was working for other people.' (At this, William broke forth again in such a series of platoon flashes, that we all joined in with infinite merriment.)

'Mrs. Deer,' said I, recovering my gravity, 'I want to ask you one more question.'

'Well, Sah,' said the lady Deer, cocking her head on one side, expressive of being able to answer any number of questions in a twinkling.

'You have, no doubt, still many relatives left in Maryland?'

'Oh! yes,' replied Mrs. Deer, '*all* of dem are dar.'

'And suppose you had a chance to advise them in regard to this matter, would you tell them to run away, and take their part with you in Nova Scotia, or would you advise them to stay where they are?'

Mrs. Deer at this, looked a long time at William, and William looked earnestly at his parent. Then she cocked her head on the other side to take a new view of the question. Then she gathered up mouth and eye-brows in a puzzle, and again broadened out upon Bill in an odd kind of smile; at last she doubled up one fist, put it against her cheek, glanced at Bill, and out came the answer: 'Well, Sah, I'd let 'em take dere *own* heads for dat!' I must confess the philosophy of this remark awakened in me a train of very grave reflections; but my companion burst into a most obstreperous laugh. As for Mrs. Deer, she shook her old hips as long as she could stand, and then sat down and continued, until she wiped the tears out of her eyes with the corner of her apron. William cast himself down upon a strawberry bank, and gave way to the most flagrant mirth, kicking up his old shoes in the air, and fairly wallowing in laughter and blossoms. I endeavored to change the subject. 'Bill, did you catch any trout?' It was some time before William could control himself enough to say, 'Not a single one, Sah,' and then he rolled over on his back, put his black paws up to his eyes, and twitched and jingled to his heart's content. I did not ask Mrs. Deer any more questions; but there is a moral in the story, enough for a day.

As we rattled over the road, after our brief dinner at Deer's Castle, I could not avoid a pervading feeling of gloom and disappointment, in spite of the balmy air and pretty landscape. The old, ragged abodes of wretchedness seemed to be too clearly defined, to stand out too intrusively against the bright blue sky. But why should I feel so much for Cuffee? Has he not enlisted in his behalf every philanthropist in England? Is he not within ten miles of either the British flag or Acadia? Does not the Duchess of Sutherland entertain the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Black Swan? Why should I sorrow for



Cuffee, when he is in the midst of his best friends? Why should I pretend to say that this appears to be the raggedest, the meanest, the worst condition of humanity, when the papers are constantly lauding British philanthropy, and holding it up as a great example, which we must 'bow down and worship?' For my own part, although the pleasant fiction of seeing Cuffee clothed, educated, and Christianized, seemed to be somewhat obscured in this glimpse of his real condition, yet I hope he will do well under his new owners; at the very least, I trust his berry crop will be good, and that a benevolent British blanket or two may enable him to shiver out the winter safely, if not comfortably. Poor William Deer, Sr., of Deer's Castle, was suffering with rheumatism in the next apartment, while we were at his eggs and bacon in the banquet hall; but Deer of Deer's Castle is a prince to his neighbors. I shall not easily forget the brightening eye, the swift glance of intelligence in the face of another old negro, an hostler, in Nova Scotia. He was from Virginia, and adopting the sweet, mellifluous language of his own home, I asked him whether he liked best to stay where he was, or go back to 'Old Virginny.' 'O Massa!' said he, with *such* a look. 'You *must know* dat I has de warmest side for my own country!'

We rattled soberly into Dartmouth, and took the ferry-boat across the bay to the city. At the hotel there was no little questioning about Chezsetcook, for some of the Halifax merchants board at the Waverley. 'Goed bless ye, what took ye to Chizzencook?' said one, 'I never was there een me life; ther's no bizz'ness ther, noathing to be seen: ai doant think there is a maen in Halifax scairsley, 'as ever seen the place.'

At the supper-table, while we were discussing, over the cheese and ale, the Chezsetcook and Negro settlements, and exhibiting with no little vainglory a gorgeous bunch of wild flowers, (half of which vanity my *compagnon de voyage* is accountable for,) there was a young English-Irish gentleman, well built, well featured, well educated: by name — I shall call him Picton.

Picton took much interest in Deer's Castle and Chezsetcook, but slyly and satirically. I do not think this the best way for a young man to begin with; but nevertheless, Picton managed so well to keep his sarcasms within the bounds of good humor, that before eleven o'clock we had become pretty well acquainted. At eleven o'clock the gas is turned off at Hotel Waverley. We went to bed, and renewed the acquaintance at breakfast. Picton had travelled over-land from Montreal to take the 'Canada' for Liverpool, and had arrived too late. Picton had nearly a fortnight before him in which to anticipate the next steamer. Picton was terribly bored with Halifax. Picton wanted to go somewhere — where? — 'he did not care where.' The consequence was a consultation upon the best disposal of a fortnight of waste time, a general survey of the maritime craft of Halifax, the selection of the schooner 'Balaklava,' bound for Sydney in ballast, and an understanding with the Captain, that the old French town of Louisburgh was the point we wished to arrive at, into which harbor we expected to be put safely — three hundred and odd miles from Halifax, and this side of Sydney about sixty-two miles by sea. To all this did Captain Capstan

'seriously incline,' and the result was, two berths in the 'Balaklava,' several cans of preserved meats and soups, a hamper of ale, two bottles of Scotch whiskey, a ramshackle, Halifax van for the luggage, a general shaking of hands at departure, and another set of white sails among the many white sails in the blue harbor of Chebucto.

The 'Balaklava' glimmered out of the harbor. Slowly and gently we swept past the islands and great ships; there on the shore is Point Pleasant in full uniform, its red soldiers and yellow tents in the thick of the pines and spruces; yonder is the admiralty, and the 'Boscawen' seventy-four, the receiving-ship, a French war-steamer, and merchantmen of all flags. Slowly and gently we swept out past the round fort and long barracks, past the light-house and beaches, out upon the tranquil ocean, with its ominous fog-banks on the skirts of the horizon; out upon the evening sea, with the summer air fanning our faces, and a large white Acadian moon, faintly defined over-head.

Pieton was a traveller; any body could see that he was a traveller, and if he had then been in any part of the habitable globe, in Scotland or Tartary, Peru or Pennsylvania, there would not have been the least doubt about the fact that he was a traveller travelling on his travels. He looked like a traveller, and was dressed like a traveller. He had a travelling-cap, a travelling-coat, a portable desk, a life-preserver, a water-proof blanket, a travelling-shirt, a travelling green leather satchel strapped across his shoulder, a Minie-rifle, several trunks adorned with geographical rail-way labels of all colors and languages, cork-soled boots, a pocket-compass, and a hand-organ. As for the hand-organ, that was an accident in his outfit. The hand-organ was a present for a little boy on the other side of the ocean; but nevertheless, it played its part very pleasantly in the cabin of the 'Balaklava.' And now let me observe here, that when we left Halifax in the schooner, I was scarcely less feeble than when I left New-York. I mention it to show how speedily 'roughing it' on the salt water will bring one's stomach to its senses.

The 'Balaklava' was a fore-and-aft schooner in ballast, and very little ballast at that; easily handled; painted black outside and pink inside; as staunch a craft as ever shook sail; very obedient to the rudder; of some seventy or eighty tons' burthen; clean and neat everywhere, except in the cabin. As for her commander, he was a fine gentleman; true, honest, brave, modest, prudent, and courteous. Sincerely polite, for if politeness be only kindness mixed with refinement, then Captain Capstan was polite, as we understand it. The mate of the schooner was a cannie Scot; by name, Robert, Fitzjames, Buchanan, Wallace, Burns, Bruce; and Bruce was as jolly a first-mate as ever sailed under the cross-bones of the British flag. The crew was composed of four Newfoundland sailor men; and the cook, whose h'eighth letter of the h'alphabet smacked somewhat strongly of H'albion. As for the rest, there was Mrs. Captain Capstan, Captain and Mrs. Captain Capstan's baby; Pieton and myself. It is cruel to speak of a baby, except in terms of endearment and affection, and therefore I could not but condemn Pieton, who had occasion, in his position as a traveller, to sometimes allude to baby in language of most emphatic character. The

fact is, Picton *swore* at that baby! Baby was in feeble health and would sometimes bewail its fate as if the cabin of the 'Balaklava' were four times the size of baby's misfortunes. So Picton got to be very nervous and uncharitable, and slept on deck after the first night.

'How do you like this?' said Picton, as we leaned over the side of the 'Balaklava,' looking down at the millions of gelatinous quarls in the clear waters.

'Oh! very much; this lazy life will soon bring me up; how exhilarating the air is, how fresh and free?

"A LIFE on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep."

Just then the schooner gave a lurch and shook her feathers alow and aloft by way of chorus. 'I like this kind of life very much; how gracefully this vessel moves; what a beautiful union of strength, proportion, lightness, in the taper masts, the slender ropes and stays, the full spread and sweep of her sails? Then how expansive the view, the calm ocean in its solitude, the receding land, the twinkling light-house, the ——'

'Ever been sea-sick?' said Picton, dryly.

'Not often. By the way, my appetite is improving; I think Cookey is getting tea ready by the smoke and the smell.'

'Likely,' replied Picton, 'let us take a squint at the galley.'

To the galley we went, where we saw Cookey in great distress; for the wind would blow in at the wrong end of his stove-pipe, so as to reverse the draft, and his stove was smoking at every seam. Poor Cookey's eyes were full of tears.

'Why do n't you turn the elbow of the pipe the other way?' said Picton.

'Hi av tried that,' said Cookey, 'but the helbow is so 'eavy the 'ole thing comes h'off.'

'Then take off the elbow,' said Picton.

So Cookey did, and very soon tea was ready. Imagine a cabin, not much larger than a good-sized omnibus, and far less steady in its motion, choked up with trunks, and a table about the size of a wash-stand; imagine two stools and a locker to sit on; a canvas table-cloth in full blotch; three chipped yellow mugs by way of cups; as many plates, but of great variety of gap, crack, and pattern; pewter spoons; a blacking-bottle of milk; an earthen piggin of brown sugar, embroidered with a lively gang of great, fat, black pismires; hard bread, old as Nineveh; and butter of a most forbidding aspect. Imagine this array set before an invalid with an appetite of the most Miss Nancyish kind! 'One misses the comforts here at sea,' said the Captain's lady, a pretty young woman, with a sweet Milesian accent.

'Yes, ma'am,' said I, glancing again at the banquet.

'I do n't rightly know,' she continued, 'how I forgot the rocking-chair,' and she gave baby an affectionate squeeze.

'And that,' said the Captain, 'is as bad as me forgetting the potatoes.'

Pie and I sat down, but we could neither eat nor drink; we were

very soon on deck again, sucking away dolefully at two precious segars. At last he broke out : ' By gad, to think of it '

' What is the matter ? ' said I.

' Not a potato on board the ' Balaklava ' ! '

So we pulled away dolefully at our segars in solemn silence.

' Picton,' said I, ' did you ever hear ' Annie Laurie ' ? '

' Yes,' replied Picton, ' about as many times as I want to hear it.'

' Do n't be impolite, Picton,' said I ; ' it is not my intention to sing it this evening. Indeed, I never heard it before I heard it in Halifax. I had the good fortune to make one of a very pleasant company, at the house of an old friend in the city, and I must say that song touched me, both the song and the *singing* of it. You know it was *the* song in the Crimea ? '

' Yes,' said Picton, smoking vigorously.

' I asked Major ——,' said I, ' if ' Annie Laurie ' was sung by the soldiers in the Crimea,' and he replied, ' They did not sing any thing else ; they sang it,' said he, ' by thousands at a time.' ' How does it go, Picton ? Come now ! '

So Picton held forth under the moon and sang ' Annie Laurie ' on the ' Balaklava.' And long after we turned in, the music kept singing on ;

' Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's all the world to me ;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.'

## T H E R A I N .

Dusty lies the village turnpike and the upland fields are dry,  
While the farmer's lumbering wagon moaning shrilly creaketh by ;  
Hush ! from out the dark clouds drifting tenderest rain-drops faintly fall,  
While the birds with gladsome music blend their vesper hymnings all,  
With the tinkling and the sprinkling  
Of the gentle summer rain.

Pouring on the gorgeous-tinted, golden-tinted Autumn leaves,  
Sweeping o'er the waving grain-fields and the farmer's standing sheaves ;  
Bounding down the hill-side streamlets, tumbling turbulent with glee,  
Whose sad heart shall not be gladdened, though it murmur as the sea,  
At the clattering and the pattering  
Of the jovial autumn rain.

Loud and gusty blows the cold wind and the freezing rain pours down,  
Whizzing round in blinding torrents all the passers in the town ;  
Out into the gloom and darkness many cheery home-fires glisten,  
While my heart weaves quaintest fancies, pausing in its dreams to listen  
To the roaring and the pouring  
Of the noisy winter rain.

July 25, '56.

OTIS.

## A STORMY NIGHT'S EPISTLE TO OLD KNICK.

FROM THE PEASANT BARD.

## I.

THIS stormy night is just the time  
To spin 'OLD KNICK' a skein of rhyme,  
A sort of homely thrum;  
The spinning won't be finely done,  
My wheel, once touched, is apt to run  
Hap-hazard with a hum.  
Still, if will *wear* this thrum of mine,  
It easy might be worse;  
There are who spin too very fine  
The thread of their discourse.

## II.

They fabric fine appearing stuff,  
The work may all be well enough,  
No knots or kinks therein;  
It shows in market extra nice,  
The buyer merely asks the price,  
And jingles out 'the tin.'  
But proving, second thought, 't is said,  
The eyes will open full;  
He's bought a fine, long, pretty thread,  
But precious little wool.

## III.

I doubt not, this blockading storm  
Is snowing round your cottage warm,  
As it begirts my own;  
I doubt not that this very night,  
All cosy in your sanctum bright,  
You hear it rage and moan.  
I ken your heart; a pensive face  
Tells what to mind is brought,  
And moves your current pen to trace  
The humane tender thought.

## IV.

My cat comes powdered from the byre;  
(That dog has no more need of fire,  
He's 'done for' long ago;)  
I ope the door to let puss in:  
Puff! comes the blast with gusty din,  
And white with drifting snow.  
Avaunt! and keep the broad outside,  
Wild riders of the storm!  
No blazing fuel, freely plied,  
Your polar breath can warm!

## V

There pussy in the corner sits,  
 And while her furry coat emits  
     The freshness of the night,  
 She looks as 'meek as MOSES,' while  
 She perpetrates a feline smile,  
     And purrs in sheer delight.  
 I love kind mercy to extend  
     E'en to a mousing cat;  
 However much there of we lend,  
     We're borrowers at that.

## VI.

Thick frost encrusts the window-panes;  
 The storm I see not, but its strains  
     Are heard in awful play:  
 The spiteful dash against the glass,  
 The grumbled sough, as off they pass,  
     Hoarse-humming, far away.  
 Where now 's that little feathered dot  
     Of life, I saw to-day?  
 Has she some canny shelter got?  
     Or blown in death away?

## VII.

She flitted, cheeping, round my head,  
 At morn, as I the cattle fed;  
     Her voice was low and sweet,  
 As if she craved my garnered store:  
 Poor thing! but for thy coyness, more  
     Thou'd hadst than thou couldst eat.  
 Or did she, with prophetic ken,  
     This awful night foresee,  
 And call for summer back again,  
     And her infolding tree?

## VIII.

She was scarce bigger than my thumb;  
 A loaf for her had been a crumb;  
     She flitted, and was gone:  
 Yet that bird haunts my thoughts to-night:  
 May He who counts the sparrows, light  
     For her a cheerful dawn!  
 And thus all breathing life is spent,  
     See-sawing, like the boy;  
*See*, 'winter of our discontent,'  
     *Saw*, summer-time of joy.

## IX.

The clock has threatened to strike ten,  
 Retiring hour for honest men,  
     For rogues, an o'er-late one,  
 I'll slip the band from off the wheel,  
 Tell off the thread upon the reel,  
     And even call it done.  
 And quite a lusty skein I've got!  
     You think so — do n't you — sort o' ?  
 If forty threads compose a 'knot,'  
     Here 's two knots and a quarter.

*Gill, (Mass.,) Jan. 18, 1857.*



## WON'T DO TO BET ON.

BY SWANQUILL.

NOTWITHSTANDING every school-boy admires, and many legislators quote as authority, the great American statesman and philosopher, Franklin, his reputation as a well-read gentleman mulcted me out of a pair of gaiters once. I'll tell you how :

Some year-and-a-half ago, during an evening walk along Pennsylvania Avenue with two or three congenial associates, the subject of Shaksperian emendations was 'up.' The conversation was moderately animated—some one of the party approving Forrest's readings of 'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet,' and others not. The

— 'taking arms against a *siege* of troubles.'

was voted downright affectation ; while upon the question as to the precise locality the ambitious Thane desired the 'banners' to be exhibited, we were not so unanimous. I contended for the standard text ; and incidentally remarked that Franklin did little to improve the distich :

'IMMODEST words admit of no defence,  
The want of decency is want of sense,'

by the alteration he suggested.

'Who wrote that couplet ?' interrogated one of the party.

'Pope,' I very naturally replied, on Dr. Franklin's authority.

'You cannot find it in his poetical works.'

'Who, then, is the author ?' I demanded ; but the only answer I obtained was, that it could not be found in the poetical writings of Alexander Pope ; and a wager of a pair of 'leather and prunella' was contracted accordingly.

As a necessary consequence, Pope was carefully examined, and some forty couplets were found terminating in *ence*, *sense*, *expense*, *pretence*, *defence*, etc., etc., but never *the* couplet sought for. Every reading friend I met about that time was interrogated, and the first-blush reply invariably was : 'Pope !' One individual, who said he did n't know, remarked, 'That if it *was* Pope, it was decidedly at variance, in doctrine, to many couplets he *did* write.' I found at length, one who had seen it quoted from Roscommon—in 'Crabbe's Synonyms,' I believe. My opponent had, in the mean time, made the same discovery ; and for several days, each of us flattered ourselves we knew what the other did *not*—with this difference, that both knew who was the *loser*.

The Earl of Roscommon wrote, in the time of James II., his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' first published in 1681. From that work Chambers quotes, in the first volume of his 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' the following, under the title of 'The Modest Muse' :

'WITH how much ease is a young maid betrayed—  
How nice the reputation of the maid !  
Your early kind paternal care appears  
By chaste instruction of her tender years ;

The first impression in her infant breast  
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.  
 Let not austerity breed servile fear;  
 No wanton should offend her virgin ear.  
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,  
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;  
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;  
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.  
*Immodest words admit of no defence,  
 For want of decency is want of sense;* etc.

Here we have it! Ben could 'bottle up thunder and lightning,' but he made mistakes as to the paternity of his quotations.

How comes it that Dr. Sparks makes no marginal correction of this in quoting Franklin's auto-biography in the first volume of *his* life of that eminent runaway printer? Or does the Professor, *too*, think with eight out of every ten readers in these United States, that Pope really is the author of that couplet of near two centuries? I should n't wonder; and I trust you will mark this article in the copy you send to his address.

To show how easy it is to be mistaken, and that, with many probabilities in one's favor, some authorities will not do to bet on, I subjoin the following

#### Harplings on One String.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQUIRE.

'Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,  
 With reverend dulness and grave impotence.'

'For like a prince, he bore the vast expense  
 Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence.'

'Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,  
 And fortify the crime with confidence.'

*January and May.*

'Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against PROVIDENCE.'

'It must be so — why else have I the sense  
 Of more than monkeys' charms and excellence?'

'That sees immediate good by present sense;  
 Reason, the future and the consequence.'

'Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,  
 Even kings learned justice and benevolence.'

'More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.'

'Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense  
 Lie in three words — health, peace, and competence.'

'Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,  
 In one close system of benevolence.'

*Essay on Man.*

'A standing sermon at each year's expense,  
 That ever coxcomb reached magnificence.'

'Something more is needful than expense,  
 And something previous e'en to taste — 't is sense.'

'T is use alone that sanctifies the expense,  
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.'

*Epistle to Richard Boyle.*

'So when a statesman wants a day's defense,  
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense.'

*Prologue to the Satires.*

'T was 'Sir, your law' — and 'Sir, your eloquence' —  
'Yours, COWPER's manner' — 'and yours, TALBOT's sense.'

'Or bid the new be English, ages hence  
(For use will father what's begot by sense.)'

*Imitations of Horace.*

'The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,  
And all the well-whipped cream of courtly sense.'

'Then I might sing without the least offence,  
And all I sung should be the nation's sense.'

'Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,  
Who think a coxcomb's honor like his sense.'

'O sacred weapon! left by Truth's defence,  
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence.'

*Epilogue to the Satires.*

'Or if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,  
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense.'

'Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence!)  
And once betrayed me into common-sense.'

'Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,  
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense.'

'But oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,  
The source of NEWTON's light, of BACON's sense.'

'See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!  
See Metaphysic call for aid on sense!'

'Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,  
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense.'

'But soon, ah! soon rebellion will commence,  
If music meanly borrows aid from sense.'

'To ask, to guess, to know as they commence,  
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense.'

*Dunciad.*

'But of the two less dangerous is the offence  
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.'

In search of wit these lose their common-sense,  
And then turn critics in their own defence.'

'Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.'

'Some by old words to fame have made pretence,  
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense.'

'At every trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shows great pride or little sense.'

'Be silent always when you doubt your sense,  
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.'

Be niggards of advice on no pretence:  
For the worst of avarice is that of sense.'

'Strain at the last dull droppings of their sense,  
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!'

HORACE [GEELEY] still charms with graceful negligence,  
And without method talks us into sense.'

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

---

PRUE AND I. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In one volume: pp. 321. New-York. DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY, Broadway.

AN unprofessional (say, if you please, an amateur) reviewer, who 'conveyed' from our table '*Prue and I*,' and greatly enjoyed the perusal of that which he had not before seen, sends us the subjoined notes and comments upon the same: 'We have read this book aloud to *our* PRUE with unmixed delight, pausing at intervals to indulge in 'sweet reveries, which any book must be a very entertaining one to produce.' Not till we had finished the last chapter, about our Cousin the Curate, did we think that our readers might like to know our opinion of it. This idea then occurring to us for the first time, we turned to our PRUE and asked her what *she* thought of it. 'It is a very pleasant book,' she said, 'very beautifully and naturally written, but —' 'But, what?' said we: 'But I'm afraid it encourages young men to have AURELIAS.' We are afraid that we shall get no further assistance from our PRUE in giving 'our opinion' of Mr. CURTIS's last and best book. But for this unfortunate AURELIA our readers would have had from the nice discrimination of our better half a valuable criticism of this LAMB-like book. Mr. CURTIS will excuse us, we are sure, if we venture a word of advice in this connection, which our larger experience as a BENEDICK entitles us to offer him. It is this: 'Not to say any thing to the present Mrs. PRUE about AURELIAS.' Wives are prone to misunderstand such platonic attachments, and of all the PRUES we have known, not one was quite so amiable as this one of Mr. CURTIS. Believing with HUME, that 'criticism is worthless unless supported by copious quotation,' we append some of the many passages along the margin of which we passed our approving pencil as we read; first giving a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, Place aux dames: PRUE, the quiet, loving wife; AURELIA, the perfect ideal of the Ego; 'I,' the dreamy, philosophical, LAMB-like book-keeper, husband of PRUE and platonic admirer of AURELIA; TITBOT-TOM, the taciturn, but sentimental and kind-hearted deputy book-keeper, possessor of a wonderful pair of spectacles; and Mr. BOWNE, the employer of the book-keeper and deputy; who, beside being a prosperous merchant, is the possessor of large estates, with palatial 'improvements,' in Spain. But let the old book-keeper introduce himself:

'AN old book-keeper, who wears a white cravat and black trowsers in the morning, who rarely goes to the opera, and never dines out, is clearly a person of no fashion and

of no superior sources of information. His only journey is from his house to his office; his only satisfaction is in doing his duty; his only happiness is in his PAUL and his children.

'What romance can such a life have? What stories can such a man tell?

'Yet I think, sometimes, when I look up from the parquet at the opera and see AURELIA smiling in the boxes, and holding her court of love, and youth, and beauty, that the historians have not told of a fairer queen, nor the travellers seen devouter homage.

'So, as the circle of my life revolves, I console myself with believing what I cannot help believing, that a man need not be a vagabond to enjoy the sweetest charm of travel, but that all countries and all times repeat themselves in his experience. This is an old philosophy, I am told, and much favored by those who have travelled; and I cannot but be glad that my faith has such a fine name and such competent witnesses. I am assured, however, upon the other hand, that such a faith is only imagination. But if that be true, imagination is as good as many voyages, and how much cheaper! a consideration which an old book-keeper can never afford to forget. . . . I know that this may be only a desire of that compassionate imagination designed to comfort me who shall never take but one other journey than my daily beat. Yet there have been wise men who taught that all scenes are but pictures on the mind; and if I can see them as I walk the street to my office, or sit at the office-window looking into the court, or take a little trip down the bay, or up the river, why are not my pictures as pleasant and as profitable as those which men travel for years at great cost of time, and trouble, and money, to behold?

'For my part, I do not believe that any man can see softer skies than I see in PAUL's eyes; nor hear sweeter music than I hear in PAUL's voice; nor find a more heaven-lighted temper than I know PAUL's mind to be. And when I wish to please myself with a lovely image of peace and contentment, I do not think of the plain of Sharon, nor the Valley of Enna, nor of Arcadia, nor of CLAUDE's pictures; but feeling that the fairest fortune of my life is the right to be named with her, I whisper gently to myself with a smile, for it seems as if my very heart smiled within me when I think of her: 'PAUL and I.'

Our book-keeper follows a gentleman in white waist-coat and white kids to the mansion where he is invited to dine. AURELIA has entered already. The door is opened by white-gloved servants. 'There is a brief glimpse of magnificence for the dull eyes of the loiterers outside; then the door closes.' 'You approach with hat in hand and the thumb of your left hand in your waist-coat pocket. You are polished and cool, and have an irreproachable repose of manner. There are no improper wrinkles in your cravat; your shirt-bosom does not bulge; the trowsers are accurate about your admirable boot. But you look very stiff and brittle. You are a little bullied by your unexceptionable shirt-collar, which interdicts perfect freedom of movement in your head. You are elegant undoubtedly, but it seems as if you might break and fall to pieces like a porcelain vase if you were roughly shaken. Now here I have the advantage of you. My fancy quietly surveying the scene, is subject to none of these embarrassments; my fancy will not utter common-places; that will not say to the superb lady who stands with her flowers, incarnate May: 'What a beautiful day, Miss AURELIA;' that will not feel constrained to say something when it has nothing to say; nor will it be obliged to smother all the pleasant things that occur, because they would be too flattering to express. My fancy perpetually murmurs in AURELIA's ear, 'Those flowers would not be fair in your hand if you yourself were not fairer. That diamond necklace would be gaudy if your eyes were not brighter. That queenly movement would be awkward if your soul were not queenlier.' 'What insufferable stuff; you are talking about the weather, and the opera, and ALBONI's delicious voice, and Newport, and Saratoga! They are all very pleasant subjects, but do you suppose IXION talked Thessalian politics when he was admitted to dine with JUNO? . . . Is it any better, now that you are seated at the table? Your companion eats little because she wishes little. You eat little because you think it elegant to do so. It is a shabby, second-hand ele-

gance, like your brittle behavior. It is just as foolish for you to play with the meats, when you ought to satisfy your healthy appetite generously, as it is for you in the drawing-room to affect that cool indifference when you have real and noble interests. . . . Now, for you are a man of sense, you are conscious that those wonderful eyes of AURELIA see straight through all this net-work of elegant manners in which you have entangled yourself, and that consciousness is uncomfortable to you. It is another trick in the game for me, because those eyes do not pry into my fancy. How can they, since AURELIA does not know of my existence? Unless, indeed, she should remember the first time I saw her. It was only last year, in May. I had dined somewhat hastily in consideration of the fine day, and of my confidence that many would be wending dinnerward that afternoon. I saw my PRUE comfortably engaged in seating the trowsers of ADONIRAM, our eldest boy, an economical care to which my darling PRUE is not unequal, even in these days and in this town; and then hurried toward the avenue. It is never much thronged at that hour. The moment is sacred to dinner. As I paused at the corner of Twelfth-street, by the church, you remember, I saw an apple-woman, from whose stores I determined to finish my dessert, which had been imperfect at home. But mindful of meritorious and economical PRUE, I was not the man to pay exorbitant prices for apples, and while still haggling with the wrinkled EVE who had tempted me, I became suddenly aware of a carriage approaching, and, indeed already, close by. I raised my eyes, still munching an apple which I held in one hand, while the other grasped my walking-stick, (true to my instincts of dinner-guest, as young women to a passing wedding, or old ones to a funeral,) and beheld AURELIA! Fumbling for his spectacles, that he might enjoy this boon more fully, he thoughtlessly advanced upon the apple-stand, when in a moment old woman, apple-stand, apples, baskets, and himself fell into the street in 'promiscuous confusion.' This fortunate accident gains him another look from the beautiful AURELIA out of the back window of her carriage, and he feels sure that she entered the house of her host with beaming eyes and full of the sparkling story of his mishap. He was her theme for ten mortal minutes. She his bard, his blithe historian; she the HOMER of his luckless Trojan fall, setting it to music in telling it. 'Think what it is to have inspired URANIA.' From this time forward we never forgot AURELIA, and although we only get occasional glimpses of her, we are almost as much in love with her at the end of the book as we are with the incomparable PRUE. You will smile at these 'ridiculous' fancies of an old book-keeper 'tenderly rather than scornfully, if you remember that they show how closely linked we human creatures are, without knowing it, and that more hearts than we dreamed of enjoy our happiness and share our sorrows.' We have all tried to fancy how beautiful were our mothers when young, but our grand-mothers seem to us to have been always old.

Yet 'your grand-mother was the AURELIA of half a century ago, although you cannot fancy her young. You can believe MARY Queen of Scots, or NELL GWYN, or CLEOPATRA, to have been young and blooming, although they belong to old and dead centuries, but not your grand-mother. Think of those who shall believe the same of you—you who are to-day the very flower of youth.' 'Might I plead with you, AURELIA—I who would be too happy to receive one of those graciously beaming bows that I see you bestow upon young men in passing—I would ask you to bear that thought with you always, not to sadden your sunny smile, but to give it a more subtle grace. Wear in your summer garland this little leaf of rue. It will not be the skull at the feast, it will rather be the tender thoughtfulness in



the face of the young MADONNA.' 'For the years pass like summer clouds, AURELIA and the children of yesterday, are the wives and mothers of to-day. Even I do sometimes discover the mild eyes of my PRUE fixed pensively upon my face, as if searching for the bloom which she remembers there in the days long ago, when we were young. She will never see it there again any more than the flowers she held in her hand in our old spring rambles. Yet the tear that slowly gathers as she gazes is not grief that the bloom has faded from my cheek, but the sweet consciousness that it can never fade from my heart; and as her eyes fall upon her work again, or the children climb her lap to hear the old fairy tales they already know by heart, my wife PRUE is dearer to me than the sweet-heart of those days long ago.'

It will detain you longer than we intended, but you really must take a peep or two through TITBOTTOM's wonderful spectacles, when we will close the book and bid you good night. Young men said of a girl: 'What a lovely, simple creature!' A glance through the spectacles reveals only 'a glistening wisp of straw, dry and hollow.' Or they said: 'What a cold, proud beauty.' We look, and lo! 'a Madonna whose heart holds the world.' Or they say: 'What a wild, giddy girl!' and we see 'a glancing, dancing mountain stream, pure as the virgin snows whence it flowed, singing through sun and shade, over pearls and gold-dust, slipping along unstained by weed or rain, or heavy foot of cattle, touching the flowers with a dewy kiss; a beam of grace, a happy song, a line of light, in the dim and troubled landscape.'

Says TITBOTTOM: 'My grand-mother sent me to school, but I looked at the master and saw that he was a smooth round ferule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a rag, a willow-wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in one day, I saw the stars. That one gave me all my schooling.' It was hardly necessary to try the power of these spectacles on a politician, but mark the effect:

'When at public meetings an eel stood up on end and wriggled and squirmed in every direction, and declared that, for his part, he went in for rainbows and hot water; how could I help seeing that he was still black, and loved a slimy pool?' (Might not the Hon. — have 'wriggled and squirmed' for that portrait?) It is easy to see why TITBOTTOM, looking through such spectacles, should be a sad and thoughtful man. He says: 'I do not believe you will be surprised that I have been content to remain a deputy book-keeper. My spectacles regulated my ambition, and I early learned that there were better gods than PLUTUS.' Such spectacles would be very nice to have — safely locked up lest they should fall into improper hands! And now, considering that Mr. CURTIS 'has accomplished' in this and other books, 'all that he aimed at,' we cannot share in the regrets of the reviewer, quoted in our last, that he had not aimed at something else, and we do not believe that if he had written a volume with the avowed object of 'extolling virtue and exposing sin,' he would have accomplished more than he has in these unpretending chapters. It would be quite as wise and as reasonable to regret that GRAY had not attempted an epic instead of the Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

Finally allow us to say, with due deference to so high an authority as our respected cotemporary of the ———, that the 'learned counsel for the people' has not shown why our author should be put upon his defence. The case is therefore dismissed and the court adjourned.

ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL: or Studies of Character. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. In one Volume: pp. 475. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

WHILE Mr. TUCKERMAN may be regarded as having always been an essayist of great good taste, not only in the choice of his subjects, but in his manner of discussing them, yet we were formerly not without the impression, that while he never 'violated the proprieties,' there was yet something lacking in his style; a want, if not of vitality, at least of animation. This, we say, was our former impression. Nothing could be more ill-founded than such an impression *now*, nor indeed for a long time past. Few of our essayists or reviewers have so remarkably improved as Mr. TUCKERMAN. The power to grasp his theme at once in all its bearings; the ability to convey his thoughts in language at once terse, simple, and eloquent, have been accorded to Mr. TUCKERMAN to a degree which has elevated him to a seat among those who occupy the front rank in American Literature. Few reviews are more able than those which may be found from the pen of Mr. TUCKERMAN in the pages of '*The North-American Review*,' the '*Christian Examiner*,' and other Quarterlies and Magazines of kindred discrimination and excellence in the United States. As touching the compendious and handsome volume before us, we commend to our readers the remarks of the New-York '*Evening Post*,' which, upon a perusal of the volume of Mr. TUCKERMAN, they will not fail cordially to indorse, as we do:

'The first requisite for biography is a sound moral sensibility, by which to determine the weight of men in the worthiest qualities of humanity. The second is æsthetic sensibility, whereby to measure them relatively to the highest absolute standard, and also to appreciate their finer attributes. The third requisite — and one which derives its value to the biographer from the possession of the other two — is long familiarity with men. The richest genius could not, in the outset of his career, write a thorough biography. In Mr. TUCKERMAN these high qualifications are made pertinent by a long, sedulous literary culture, and by his consequent taste and tact as a writer. He is one whose poetic sense teaches him the value of words and sentences as materials of art.

'We think that even the admirers of Mr. TUCKERMAN will be surprised at the unflinching excellency of this extensive work — a volume of nearly five hundred large pages, embracing biographies of thirty notable men, and nowhere a weakness. The universality of his sympathies and his imaginative insight so equip him for his high task, that in passing from WASHINGTON to CHESTERFIELD, from KEAN to LAFITTE, from DE WITT CLINTON to JENNY LIND, from SIERNE to FRANKLIN, the reader is nowhere let down. His fellow feeling for BOONE is as strong as that for CAMPBELL or SAVAGE. His clear, strong, loving humanity enriches the lives of every one of his various and diverse subjects. Not the peculiar qualities of each one merely — seized as these are with an almost infallible discernment — are presented to the mind of the reader, but likewise the individuality of each, with a concrete distinctness that proclaims the union in the writer of the artist and the moralist — a rare and precious union, from which results for a book an atmosphere which is the healthiest and most balmy that a book can have — an atmosphere generated by the pervading presence of knowledge and beauty.

'The volume opens with 'GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Patriot' — a critical biography, which thousands of readers read a few months since with unconditional admiration in the *North-American Review*. We do not know where is to be found a more full and appreciative picture of the superlative characteristics and grand proportions of WASHINGTON.

ton's majestic character. What two men so organically different as GEORGE WASHINGTON and LAWRENCE STERNE? And yet, the pages of literary criticism would be searched in vain for a judgment so subtle and sound as that here pronounced on the author of 'Tristram Shandy.' This article is a solution of the STERNE problem — a final adjustment of him to his due place as man and writer. A characteristic of this rich volume, throughout, is the combination of warm sympathy and judicial impartiality.

'The heartiest admirers of DE WITT CLINTON and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS will have their admiration justified and enlightened by the broad, genial portraits here drawn of them. What a comprehensive tribute to CLINTON in this one sentence: 'In an impartial estimate of his character, it is sufficient proof of his integrity, that it was never successfully assailed; of his patriotism, that it was ultimately recognized; of his republicanism, that his faith in the people never faltered; of his magnanimity, that he forgave injury; and of his statesmanship, that it was victorious.' A passage like the following, which opens the paper on ROGER WILLIAMS, deserves to be inscribed on tablets in the halls of colleges: 'Perhaps the best definition of true greatness is loyalty to a principle: it is certainly the secret of eminent success, and the pledge of true fame. Fidelity to a grand and worthy aim is the highest inspiration; and it is because the subject of this memoir looked steadily beyond the pale of sect, and the motives of self-interest, and strove earnestly for an invaluable, progressive, and essential truth, that his memory is hallowed and his influence permanent.'

'The big volume is mellow with truth and refinement, with learning and analysis; with practical wisdom and scholarly culture. It has a manifold attractiveness — from the variety of its contents — from the remarkable uniformity of its excellence through all this variety — from its wide range of knowledge — from gratifying at the same time the appetite for personal traits and the desire for conclusive judgments — from the union of a high moral tone with literary finish. It is a volume that every reading family should own. So much good knowledge, so attractively presented, it were not easy to obtain elsewhere.'

---

THE HEROINE OF SCUTARI, AND OTHER POEMS. By EDWARD R. CAMPBELL, Esq. In one volume: pp. 468. New-York: DANA AND COMPANY.

THIS handsomely printed volume comes to us from the enterprising house of DANA AND COMPANY, who are bold enough to venture something for the poets. The book opens with a neat Proem. 'The Heroine of Scutari' is a fortunately-selected title from its associations, although it does not exactly designate the nature of the book, being composed of but few verses, and only standing first in order, though we think it is not first in merit. Those who will take the pains to examine these poems, will find that they possess modest yet strong claims to their affection. An unobtrusive piety, a warmth of affection, a tender love of Nature in all her most graceful and beautiful forms, a genuine feeling of truth which disdains all striving after effect, and which clothes itself with great simplicity of numbers, infuse and pervade the whole work as with a spirit, take from its desultory character, and blend the materials of which it is made up into a compact whole. It is like a Mosaic incrustation, composed of many little brightly-colored pieces, but after you have examined it, you only think of it as one. The glory of unity is to be made up of parts. The poems, though many, cannot be said to be disconnected, but altogether leave one impression on the mind, and form one poem whose essential principle is charity. The themes selected are those which WORDSWORTH delighted to descant upon in his

prime manhood, and the same which KEBLE loves. The pieces are of unequal merit, compared with each other; but many of them of surpassing beauty. We have not space to particularize, but will quote one, which any poet might be proud of:

‘A CITY OF BROTHERHOODS.

I.

‘In the silent mid-night watches,  
In the solem hush of night,  
When the soul communes with spirits  
From the upper world of light;  
Then it was, awake or dreaming,  
On the winds a spirit came,  
Like the sound of many waters,  
And a voice that none can name.

II.

‘“Mortal!” cried that spirit, breathing  
Thrilling whispers to the air;  
‘Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Look around thee, see and hear.’  
Then I heard a tale of wonder.  
Then I saw a broad domain,  
Where the congregated thousands  
Built a city on the plain.

III.

‘‘T was a vast, full-peopled city,  
For the mightiest of the earth,  
Daily growing, gathering thousands,  
Whatsoe’er their name or birth.  
There the proud, the meek, the learned,  
Rich and poor, and bond and free,  
Young and old, in bonds fraternal,  
Meet in perfect unity.

IV.

‘Quiet dwells within that city,  
Strife and mammon enter not;  
Calm it seemed as holy Sabbath,  
Every dome a holy spot.  
None for love of lucre leave it,  
None rebel against its laws;  
Never yield they to the Tempter,  
For the Tempter gives no cause!

V.

‘Streets and alleys intersecting,  
Laid with geometric art,  
Witnessed to the love of order,  
Both of head and chastened heart.  
Marble mansions shone by moon-light,  
Every portal bore a name;  
But no sound of voice or footstep  
Thence from street or mansion came.

VI.

‘There I stood, amazed and musing,  
Whether sleeping or awake;  
When to me methought the spirit  
In a gentler accent spake:

Speaking in expressive silence,  
 Speaking to the soul in might :  
 'Mortal ! lift the eye, be manful ;  
 Out of darkness cometh light.

## VII.

'See an oasis of beauty  
 Mid a barren world of strife !  
 See a city free from folly,  
 Anger, ills, and jars of life !  
 Not a soul disturbs his neighbor,  
 All the evil passions fled :  
 Mortal ! why ? *There is no waking,*  
 'T IS THE CITY OF THE DEAD !'

This poem alone, had the author written no other, ought to confer on him a reputation which will live after him.

---

LIFE OF MARY JEMISON. (DEH-HE-WA-MIS.) By JAMES SEAVER. Fourth edition: with Geographical and Explanatory Notes. Rochester, New-York: D. M. DEWEY. 1857.

THE remarks which ensue, touching the volume whose title is named above, we can only say, reach us from an approved source. The work itself we have not yet received : 'The reading public, and especially those who have a taste for Indian history, or so far as it relates to the Six Nations of New-York, should feel grateful to our townsman, D. M. DEWEY, for a fourth edition of the Life of MARY JEMISON, otherwise called DEH-HE-WA-MIS the beautiful. Mr. DEWEY has lately brought out this work in a very neat and acceptable form, with an appendix containing many important facts to illustrate the main subject, with useful explanatory notes that add greatly to the value of the work.

'In all the history of the Iroquois Confederacy, there are few portions more intensely interesting than that connected with the captivity and subsequent life of this woman, commonly known all over Western New-York as the 'white woman.'

'Captured and adopted by the Indians at the age of thirteen years, and before the commencement of the French War, her life was chiefly passed among them for a period of eighty years, and mostly at her residence on the Genesee river, near the present site of Cuylerville. She was familiar with all the tribes and sub-communities belonging to the most powerful Indian confederacy in North-America. Three-quarters of a century were passed by her near the principal town of the great Indian empire — the ground upon which the grand councils of the confederacy often assembled to settle the momentous questions that concerned the whole, from the days when their warlike excursions extended from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, down to their abandonment of nearly all their possessions and power in the States.

'Her second husband, who was the father of nearly all her children, was a celebrated warrior chief, and lived to upwards of a hundred years of age. His history was that of his race, at least for a century, and comprised some of the most interesting parts of what is known of these powerful tribes.

'From the manner in which she lived, and the circumstances under which she was placed, no white person ever enjoyed greater advantages for giving authentic accounts of what transpired among the Indians of New-York, than MARY JEMISON; and the author and publisher of this edition of the book have conferred a lasting obligation upon those who desire information concerning these subjects.

'The glossary of Indian names and places appended to this edition, is an important addition, and materially enhances the interest of the work. Finally, the book must be considered as not only very desirable for its truthful narrative, but as a record of events connected with the settlement and progress of civilization in Western New-York that ought to be found in every library.'

SONGS OF SUMMER. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. In one volume: pp. 229. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

SAY what we may, there *is* something pleasant, after all, in knowing somewhat of the *personnel* of a writer who has interested us; who has done much *more*, by making us love him for his perception and thorough appreciation of nature, which one feels a sort of pride in sharing in common with him. How it may be with others we know not; but certainly this is our feeling toward STODDARD. A young man, not strong, nor large of stature, with clear complexion, fine dark eyes, full of earnest feeling, whose every thought seems expressed in the changing lineaments of his face — these give a 'picture in little' of the person and features of our poet. The small but well-executed volume lying upon our table, comes modestly before the public, without preface, 'note, or comment.' And, truth to say, it has small need of either. It 'speaks for *itself*,' literally, and shall so speak to our readers. We simply desire to ask attention to a few extracts, which we take almost at random from its pages. The subjoined bears the quoted heading, '*Buried in Songs that Never yet were Sung:*'

'COULD I arrest the flight of Time,  
Revive the years of yore,  
I would not ask one sorrow less,  
Or know one joy the more:  
It were enough to sing the songs  
I should have sung before.

'My days and years have silent been,  
For all that I have sung:  
Some dreamy rhymes have dropped from  
me,  
Some sad hath sorrow wrung;  
But nothing great; and now, alas!  
I am no longer young.

'I would recall my early dreams,  
But they are dead to me;  
As well with last year's withered buds  
Re-clothe a this year's tree:  
It is not what I might have been,  
But what I yet may be.

'That thought alone avails me now,  
And all regrets are vain:  
They seem to bring a dreamy bliss,  
But bring a certain pain:  
To him who works, and only him,  
The Past returns again.'

As we write to-day, the wintry wind howls outside the long windows of the sanctum, and the snow-drifts lie piled upon the piazzas; and a blinding



sleet tinkles like silver beads against the panes ; what time we read that which ensueth :

‘RATTLE the window, Winds !  
Rain, drip on the panes !  
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,  
And a weary weight on our brains.

‘The gray sea heaves and heaves,  
On the dreary flats of sand ;  
And the blasted limb of the church-yard yew —  
It shakes like a ghostly hand !

‘The dead are engulfed beneath it,  
Sunk in the grassy waves :  
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day  
Than the Earth in all her graves !’

‘*The Veiled Statue*’ strikes us as a picture of more than common force and beauty. The turn of thought in the last stanza is especially striking :

‘THERE’s a statue in my chamber,  
Carved in other years for me,  
From the memory of a lady  
In a land beyond the sea.

‘In its niche I keep it hidden  
By a veil from common eyes :  
But my own behold it ever,  
And its shade upon me lies.

‘Through the day it stands before me,  
And appalls my shrinking sight,  
And at night it grows so awful  
That I cannot sleep for fright !

‘For when falls the ghostly moonlight  
In the silence of the room,  
And my spirit faints within me  
As it hearkens for its doom —

‘T is no more the woman’s statue,  
But the woman’s self I see,  
Pallid with her love and sorrow,  
And the death she died for me.

‘And, so strange her spell upon me,  
As she bends above my bed,  
She becomes the wretched living,  
I the still more wretched dead !’

Mr. BRYANT, in a notice of Mr. STODDARD’s volume, characterizes his poems as ‘marked by great beauty and grace. Some of his verses have an ærial melody and lightness of versification, which reminds one of the poems of UHLAND or HEINE. In the latter half of the volume are poems of a greater length, in some of which the author makes an agreeable use of the imagery of other climates than ours, and of the relations arising from other conditions of social existence. In several, as his ‘*Choric Hymn*,’ ‘*The Fisher and Charon*,’ and ‘*The Search for Persephone*,’ he shows that he knows how to employ the machinery of the Greek mythology with sufficient boldness of imagination to avoid the faults of being frigid or common-place ; but we prefer, after all, his treatment of familiar or domestic subjects. His little poem of ‘*The Old Mill*’ is an example of this class ; and still more striking is the poem with which the volume concludes, which is written with a sweetness and a feeling which any poet of the age might envy.’ This touching poem we present entire :

‘I LAY his picture on my knee,  
The knee he loves to sit upon ;  
It is the image of my son,  
And, like the child, a world to me.

‘He fronts me in a little chair,  
In careless ease, and quiet grace,  
A courtly deference in his face,  
A glory in his shining hair :

‘An infant prince, a baby king,  
To whom his ministers relate  
Some intricate affair of state :  
He hears, and weighs the smallest thing.

‘Not twice has summer come and gone  
Since he was born, a summer-child ;  
Two Junes have on his cradle smiled,  
A rose of June without a thorn.

- 'I stood beside his mother's bed  
When he was born, at dead of night;  
My heart grew faint with its delight;  
I heard his cry: he was not dead!
- 'And she, his mother, dearer far  
Than this poor life of mine can be,  
*She* lives: she weeps: she clings to me,  
Her dim eye brightening like a star!
- 'We heard his low uncertain moan;  
In both our souls it smote a chord  
Not reached by Love's divinest word;  
It stirred, and stirs to him alone.
- "*We have a child!*" We smiled and wept;  
He slept: God's Angel in the dark  
Pushed down the stream his little bark,  
And with it ours: with him we slept.
- 'At last the lingering summer passed;  
The summer passed, the autumn came,  
The dying woods were all a-flame,  
The leaves were whirling in the blast:
- 'He lived: our loving spirits wore  
A royal diadem of joy;  
Time laid his hands upon the boy,  
And day by day he ripened more.
- 'His dreamy eye grew like the sky,  
A liquid blue, half-dark, half-bright;  
Now like the noon, and now like night,  
With silver planets sown on high:
- 'His thin white ringlets turn to gold,  
And gleam like suns on autumn eves;  
Or like the sober autumn sheaves,  
Whose strawy fires are faint and cold.
- 'His noble brow, his placid look,  
The subtle sweetness of his smile —  
They touch, but fly my simple style;  
The child is like a Poet's book:
- 'A rare conception, richly planned;  
Harmonious, perfect in its parts:  
Going straight home to all men's hearts,  
An easy thing to understand!
- 'Sweet wife! we understand the child;  
We know that he is fair and good:  
As good as fair: no vice of blood  
To mar him: neither weak nor wild.
- 'I take his picture from my knee,  
And press it to my lips again;  
I see an hundred in my brain,  
And all of him, and dear to me.
- 'He nestles in his nurse's arms,  
His young eyes winking in the light:  
I hear his sudden shriek at night,  
Startled in dreams by vague alarms;
- 'We walk the floor, and hush his moan;  
Again he sleeps: we kiss his brow.  
I toss him on my shoulder now,  
His Majesty is on the throne!
- 'His kingly clutch is in my hair;  
He sees a rival in the glass:  
It stares, and passes as we pass;  
It fades. I breathe the country air:
- 'I see a cottage leagues from here;  
A garden near; some orchard trees;  
A leafy glimpse of creeping seas;  
And in the cottage something dear:
- 'A square of sun-light on the floor,  
Blocked from the window; in the square  
A happy child with heavenly hair,  
To whom the world is more and more.
- 'He sees the blue fly beat the pane,  
Buzzing away the noon-tide hours;  
The terrace grass, the scattered flowers,  
The beetles, and the beads of rain:
- 'He sees the gravelled walk below,  
The narrow arbor draped with vines;  
The light that like an emerald shines,  
The small bird hopping to-and-fro.
- 'He drinks their linked beauty in;  
They fill his thought with silent joy;  
But now he spies a late-dropped toy,  
And all his noisy pranks begin.
- 'They bear him to an upper room,  
When comes the eve; he hums for me,  
Like some voluptuous drowsy bee,  
That shuts his wings in honeyed gloom.
- 'I see a shadow in a chair;  
I see a shadowy cradle go;  
I hear a ditty, soft and low:  
The mother and the child are there!
- 'At length the balm of sleep is shed;  
One bed contains my bud and flower:  
They sleep, and dream, and hour by hour  
Goes by, while angels watch the bed.
- 'Sleep on, and dream, ye blessed pair!  
My prayers shall guard ye night and day;  
Ye guard me so, ye make me pray:  
Ye make my happy life a prayer!
- 'Dream on! dream on! and in your dreams  
Remember me; I love ye well:  
I love ye more than tongue can tell,  
Dear souls! and ere the morning beams
- 'My soul shall strike your trail of sleep,  
In some enchanted, holy place,  
And fold ye in a fond embrace,  
And kiss ye till with bliss I weep!

And with this poem we take our present leave of our young author — a true poet and a true man; thanking him for his book, so neat in its quaint old English types and nice paper; and happy in being well assured that he will not long be permitted to 'hang his harp upon the willows.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

AN exquisitely beautiful passage is the following, from Hon. EDWARD EVERETT's speech at the inauguration of the '*Dudley Observatory*,' at Albany: nor is it by any means the finest in that characteristic and noble intellectual effort:

'MUCH as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene mid-summer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence; JUPITER, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; LYRA sparkled near the zenith; ANDROMEDA veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their Sovereign.

'Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the in-flowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

'I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons

who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the CREATOR, and yet say in their hearts: 'There is no God.'

We extract the foregoing passage from the oration itself, published in Hon. HENRY BARNARD's '*American Journal of Education*' for December, (formerly issued from the office of this Magazine, but now printed in Hartford, Connecticut,) a work of the very highest character of its class, full of interesting and valuable articles, and liberally illustrated with finely-engraved portraits.

---

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — It is our 'Up-River' Correspondent who sends us the following '*Adventure of Sam Jones and Me,*' 'which nobody could deny:'

'THAT was a haphazard adventure, that foot journey over the Big Plains to Yaphank, Long Island, which we made in the winter of 1848, SAM JONES and I. It might have turned out worse than it did. Never printed in the newspapers of the day, never having come into possession of those inquisitive and ubiquitous people called 'reporters,' it will perhaps be esteemed as good as new. Modesty makes one shrink from having one's name bandied about by the press under the head of 'Hair-breadth Escape,' and from being afterward stared at by all of one's friends and acquaintances as one of the seven wonders of the world. If any accident has nearly happened to a man, very few are so well bred as to say nothing about it when they chance to meet him. He is the nucleus of troublesome little groups; he is asked the same questions over and over again, 'How did it happen? what did you do? how did you feel?' and he is poked at like a bear through the bars until he gives forth some savage response at least. Therefore we resolved to say nothing about it until such time as it might be in danger of going into oblivion. That time has come. It seems already like an event looked back upon through a dreary distance. 'The memory of joys that are past,' says OSSIAN, 'is pleasant,' but the memory of pains which are past, says WAGSTAFF, is often more so. A man, when he is delivered from danger, is glad that he has got through with it, and on the whole, is glad that he has gone through it. It has developed nobleness and entailed thankfulness, which mere pleasures rarely do. It is a poor thing to recall flat jokes, and when the lights in the banqueting-hall have gone out, the delicate aroma of feasts evanesces forever. But the hard knocks of life, the difficulties of adventure, these never grow flat, and may be served up from generation to generation. The teller nor the listener ever grow weary in their several parts. Who ever tires of HERODOTUS' delightful stories? When will ROBINSON CRUSOE, like an old tune, wear out? KANE's sufferings in the polar regions will impart a pleasure to tens of thousands, more than if he had been the happiest mortal ever born. Those over-ice journeys of his, when the good ship was frozen up, to Etah and to Anatoak, 'the wind-loved spot,' with Dr. HAYS, and HANS, and Mr. OHLSEN, will be remembered by him when every festive passage of his life shall be forgotten. He would not have them replaced in the history of his past for the same number of delightful fishing excursions in Bellamaqueen Bay, or in the harbor of Newport, off the rocks where on summer days, in pleasant company, black fish are caught. He would not have those bitter-

cold and sunless days gone by, exchanged for months of summer. To remember that you have got chilblains and frosted feet in the path of duty, is far more pleasant than to remember that you have got sun-burnt while you sailed upon a yacht for pleasure. Will not KANE think of KALUTIUNAH, poor, delicate-minded Esquimaux savage, who rose up in the night when they were sleeping on the ice together, (or trying to sleep,) and when he perceived that the New-Yorker was suffering, wrapped his mantle about the feet of KANE with more affection than those who have fed him with turtle-soup? Will the drawing-room of a lord; will cosy studies; will libraries replete with well-bound volumes and with literature's richest stories; will parlors, hung with paintings by the ancient masters, and where MURILLO's hand is undisputed on the canvas, and every thing that's choice is found in nooks and niches; will warmest fire-places of the good old kind, where logs are piled and hickory coals make castles for the eye to gaze on; will grates where Liverpool sends up its jets of flame, or good Anthracite burns; will all of these be equal in remembrance to the Arctic cabin, lined with moss, where the dull stove was kindled up with limited pounds of wood? There is a recompense in suffering, and so ÆNEAS told his companions: *forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. That holds true of the dreadful adventure which I shall record. To go through it again would kill me, as the vital forces have receded somewhat during the last nine years toward their fountain; but the idea of not having gone through it would kill both SAM JONES and me. It has fed us up with the nutritive diet of congratulation ever since. We have chuckled over it, and do still chuckle. There is no *forsan* about it. It warms us up *now* to think that we came near being frozen to death. Battles of life are severe, but the old soldier loves to tell them all over again. Some years ago I recorded in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, a perfectly dreadful night adventure at the Devil Tavern, on Barren Island, when murder was in embryo, but never brought forth. To quote yourself, I think, is always in good taste.

'But this winter-excursion on the Hempstead Plains is such that the Devil Tavern may not hold a candle to it. I am altogether tired of doling upon such themes as fresh milk from the cow, or the flashing resplendency of a new-caught trout. What is Maga without novelty, or without novels? The intensity of the winter in a clime a few degrees only north of you; the magnificent icicles which are pendent from the rocks; the snow-clad mountains which arise in all their gaunt solemnity and cheerless cheerfulness from this very threshold; the reading of KANE's adventures, and his rides to Anatoak, 'the wind-loved spot;' all these things bring back the night when in a winter snow-storm SAM JONES and I were lost. It seems but yesterday; it seems as if we were but just thawed out, yet we have been as warm as toast for several years. JONES is married since. He has a numerous family, and an excellent farm upon Long-Island, where he yoketh the ox, he drives the plough, he wields the sickle, he gathers into barns, he is an opulent JONES: he has a comfortable house, built fifty years ago, of such beams as were then used.

'Where the exact locality of the house is, whether on the sea-shore, or to the north of the Back-Bone, adjoining the waves of the Sound, I say not; but all the events of his life date back, not from his birth, but from his almost-death, upon the plains a-going to Yaphank. Have you ever heard of Yaphank? It is a place of almost fabled charms.

Not one of all the shady nooks,  
 Where I have been to wile  
 My summer by the babbling brooks  
 Upon the sea-girl isle:  
 Not Babylon, so ditty-famed,  
 In my regard will rank  
 With all the hospitalities  
 And graces of Yaphank!

'Its very name is suggestive of some pleasant heritage. O ye fawns, not *fawns*; ye deer, ye *dear* of Yaphank! — pine-groves whose music woos the soul to pensive meditation! Murmurs of the far-sounding sea! Ye sea-beach choirs of breakers and of clapping waves, which blend so sweetly with the barn-yard chorus of stalwart cocks and cackling hens, and guttural cluck of ducks, the mignonette-thyme-gathering bees, the scream of geese with necks out-stretched in ether, I hear your voices now amidst these wild Green-Mountain hurricanes, which hurry-scurry drive the flakes like snow-white doves, through gulch and valley, where Winoski is congealed in every flume, and water-fall, and crystal-palace of the gold and silver-speckled trout. Yaphank! Yaphank! I picture out thy scenes among the embers and the hickory coals, the frost-work of the panes. They change the winter of our discontent to glorious summer.

"Come down from thy high horse," says a friend beside me, "and begin thy story, or thou wilt surely never finish it."

"Presently, friend: do n't goad me. Yaphank is in about 42° degrees of north latitude, attainable by the Long-Island Rail-road, whenever the Long-Island Rail-road is itself attainable, which it is in every month betwixt April and December. There are many pleasant people in it. There my friend ROBERT — resides; but I will not write out his name, for he would blush with his ingenuous face, just like a tender lover. There RALPH loves to go, to be fattened up with excellent cheer among his uncles, and his nephews, and his nieces, and his cousins. RALPH, descendant of that valiant captain, who, in the hard times of the Palisades, when preachers *preached with muskets* by their sides, blended such curious qualities; he was so pious, so amatory, and so valiant. He had a marvellous contempt of danger, yet such a sweet tooth in his head! On one day he was slaughtering the Indians like dogs; on the next, for some trifling and tender peccadillo, he was down on his knees before the Puritan Sanhedrim, sorry as he could be, so choking up his voice with sobs and sighs that it could scarcely be heard in the midst of his multitudinous blubberings. RALPH never liked my allusions in this direction.

"Well, well, get on."

"Do n't goad me. Yaphank is very pleasant in the summer, and in winter no less so, if you can get to it. Get there, and you will neither freeze nor starve; but 'there's the rub,' if the snow is plentiful, for the wind has such a clear sweep coming often north-easterly or north-westerly from the Atlantic sea-board, in all its incipient strength, that it tears over the island without competition, and the least thing which it does is to heap up snow-drifts in every little available hollow or excavation which affords the slightest opposition. There are plains on Long-Island which have no likeness, except in a Western prairie: scarcely a bush or bramble upon them to stand up against the wind. Yaphank —"

"Go on."

"I *am* going on: do n't goad me. There must be a prelude to a tune, an invocation to a poem, an orchestral effect which must combine at least in a few running



sketches or phrases, with the gems of the opera, often an address before the play, as well as after it, an exordium for an oration, some preliminary efforts before Troy is built. LIVY did not write his many books of most important historical matters without a preface, beginning *Facturusne operce pretium sim*, nor SALLUST his CATALINE WAR without his expository, *Omnis homines qui sese student præstare ceteris animalibus*, nor his JUGURTHINE WAR, without *Falso queritur de natura sua genus humanum*, nor MACAULAY his work, without, 'I purpose to write the history of England'—and called us away. They may talk as much as they like about 'the groves of Mastie,' but Yaphank ———

"Oh! never mind Yaphank."

"Do n't goad me. I shall relate my story much more minutely than KANE has done any of his drives to 'Anatoak, the wind-loved spot.' If his mere general descriptions, to us who know nothing about Polar regions, are so delightful, what would his minuteness be? Oh! that he may live to fill out all his notes, for he cannot be tedious. His book is 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and ROBINSON CRUSOE, and every thing most charming which we have read in our youth, combined into one rich reality. Had it not been for Doctor KANE, I should not perhaps have thought of writing out our adventure. 'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.' Not the Hudson Bay Company or Arctic Expeditions alone experienced cold. I have got down to 30 without ever travelling on dog-sledges. I cannot, however, relate this adventure until next month."

Of this, we pray you, fail not. - - - THE reader has doubtless laughed at the Frenchman who said to an American friend, that he was very much 'disgusted' at information which he had just received from his home in Paris. It was a strong term, he thought, (with his very limited knowledge of our language,) to express his grief at the loss of his father, of which he had just heard! This was pardonable in a newly-arrived foreigner. But sometimes (and doubtless we are often 'open to that objection' ourselves) we find our own brother-editors employing words in the haste of composition, terms almost as much out of their ordinary use. We have before mentioned the 'item' of a boat scuttled by 'an incendiary;' of poison removed from the stomach by a 'stethoscope;' and now, in a paragraph from a Louisville newspaper before us, giving an account of the late burning of the Medical College of that city, we read that the library was only partially saved, owing to the 'informal manner of carrying out the books.' A curious time to 'stand upon ceremony,' one would think. - - - 'JACQUES MAURICE,' who is a personal friend of 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER's, Esq., and has known that distinguished 'Pote' from his birth, sends us the following, which he desires us to designate as '*Pharaoh, a Tale of Bricks.*' In reading it over hastily, it has occurred to us that the writer has, in two or three instances, (doubtless without intending it,) laid himself open to the imputation of a desire to pun, or 'play upon words,' as it is termed. We do not charge this as a *fact*, but merely state an editorial thought, of the reasonableness of which our readers can themselves judge:

"THERE unhappily exists a widely-extended prejudice against PHARAOH. He is charged with having hindered the children of ISRAEL from leaving their lodgings in Egypt on the first of May, thus forcing them, by construction, to stay another year."



But how he can have incurred this charge, I cannot conceive, when it is well known that this good king refused to lay a straw in their way. True, we are told, and believe, that he refused to let them go: but all hard feelings must melt away when it is known that he was here playing the part of the philanthropist, if the date of the transaction would hardly let him play the Christian.

'There is a game with cards called Poker, easy to be learned, but wonderfully fascinating to those who engage in the practice of it. This enticing game was indulged in to a frightful excess by the younger and even the older Israelites of that day. It is well known that amongst the phraseology peculiar to that game, is found the word 'Go,' which, perverted from its integrity, means to *stay*, and stake more money. Now these youthful but sadly profligate Hebrews did nothing, in their leisure hours, but play at poker; and the suburbs of the city, in which they principally resided, would at those times ring with the technical chanting: 'I'll go you three pieces better!' 'I'll go you six pieces better!' etc., etc., the sound of which discordant tumult would often reach the ears of the king in his royal palace. Filled with solicitude for the welfare of his beloved people, the good and generous PHARAOH questioned with his prime minister in regard to the best means of suppressing the game, and preventing the ruin of his subjects, speaking as follows: 'I don't want to say, 'Children of ISRAEL, d—n you, you must stop playing poker!' for that would perhaps hurt their feelings, and indeed might end in hurting mine, which you are well aware are very tender. What are *you* impudent enough to advise?' Upon which the prime minister bowed three times to the ground, each time casting a little dirt on his head, which, having watched his opportunity, he took occasion to wipe carefully off on the skirt of the king's robe, and went on in the following tiresome manner: 'Your royal Highness is aware that your royal Highness could put an end to those pernicious practices among a portion of your royal Highness's subjects——'

'Stop there!' cried the king, with some irritation; 'do n't 'royal Highness' me so much: it's annoying!'

'Very well, your royal ——'

'D—n you!' shouted the now enraged king. 'I'll have you drowned in my fish-pond if you say that word again!'

'As your Majesty pleases,' said the compliant minister. 'As I was going on to say, when your Majesty cursed me ——'

'Nor 'Majesty' either,' interrupted the king, getting a little unreasonable, which is so very odd in a king.

'Well, Sir—— you old fool ——'

'There, now—— go on,' said the pacified king.

'I think,' pursued the minister, 'I think ——'

'First *I*'ve heard of it,' said the king.

'It's *so*!' said the minister, being the first recorded use of that now common expression, of which he was, undoubtedly, the originator.

'Or at least *I* was thinking,' pursued the conscientious minister.

'Oh!' was the laconic interjection of the king.

'I was thinking you might give out that there was one word in the Egyptian language, to hear which always afflicts you with a species of moral insanity, and ——'

'What the d—l is that?' cried the profane but otherwise exemplary king.

'Oh! it's something you'll hear enough of, if you live long enough!' which was literally true.

'Well, go on,' said the impatient king.

'You therefore decree that the obnoxious word shall be no longer used — that word being 'GO.' Now, if you rob a game ——'

'Ketch me!' chuckled the king, using a popular phrase of the day. 'I aint like the common run of kings: I don't rob. I 'take' though.'

'So do I,' added the minister. 'I was going to say if you *take* from a game its technical phrases, you destroy it. Think of it, old boy! the abolition of one little word, of two letters, will save the twelve tribes of ISRAEL from damnation!'

'Eloquent, saucy, and correct,' said the king. So the edict was issued: and unjust history records, without comment, that PHARAOH would not let the children of ISRAEL GO!

'True, those unfortunate children 'did'n't like it much,' as some of them remarked at the time; it was not in human nature for them to like it. But, at the same moment, they could not justly attach much blame to PHARAOH. Their feelings are perhaps significantly expressed in the following couplet, which, at jovial meetings of the grand-children of ISRAEL was wont to be given as a toast, and drank with groans, and other more antique demonstrations of disapproval:

'LET the toast ne'er vary, O,  
'Insanity' to PHARAOH!'

in which amusing lines many affirm to discover only a playful allusion to the innocent *ruse* of the king.

'Many other things might be mentioned of our hero; as, for instance, his having given its name to the neighboring sea, from a bright expression of his little son, then just three years, ten months, and nine days old, who, being taken for the first time near the water, thought he detected a vermillionish shade in it, and in his laconic way cried out: 'Red! See!'

'But PHARAOH was not one to be talked about like any common man. We are apt to insult the shades of great men by 'letting on' all we know about them. This is wrong.

'One other little incident may be mentioned, which, as it wound up PHARAOH, may serve to wind up this sketch of him.

'PHARAOH, it is well known, was drowned one fine winter, while skating on the Red Sea. He was following MOSES, who had 'dared' him; but being a much 'heftier man than what MOSES was,' unfortunately 'went under' at a thin place, at the same going *over* Jordan, which, (what with his skates, etc.,) we may imagine to have been rather 'a hard road to travel' than otherwise, particularly as that river was not yet frozen over. It is related that MOSES went on, unconsciously, for a dozen miles or more, and then, *thinking* it was 'mighty still behind,' turns around, and finding a reason for it, says: 'Where's PHARAOH?' We may fancy the inimitable sly humor which MOSES threw into this remark, as he undoubtedly fancied he had 'distanced him,' and knew well enough where he was. He *had* 'rather left him.'

'PHARAOH was a good man. Let him *requiescat* if he wants to, selecting for the locality, C, or any other convenient Red letter of the alphabet.'

—  
We have an absolute respect for the author of 'Lady GERALDINE's Courtship,' the 'Vision of Fair Women,' the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' and we would like exceedingly to love Mrs. BROWNING with that reverent affection accorded to great poets, and which some of our cotemporaries

declare she merits. But we cannot do this so long as she persists in hiding what golden grain she has gleaned from the harvest-field of song, under such vast heaps of chaff as the most of AURORA LEIGH. We cannot read her with pleasure, for the hope of getting a few tender womanly beauties of thought, while the most of her diction is so turgidly common-place, and her style so hopelessly and irrecoverably opaque. She has been blamed already for this, and has not profited by the criticism. This Waterfall, that

‘CRIES out for joy or fear  
In leaping through the palpitating pines,  
Like a white soul tossed out to eternity  
With the ills of time upon it,’

is just as when, long ago, she called POWERS' Greek Slave 'the thunder of white silence;' that is, it is the 'echo of blue or brown or chrome-yellow nonsense.'

She certainly says very pretty things, as of her severe maiden aunt, as possessing

‘CHEEKS in which was yet a rose  
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,  
Kept more for ruth than pleasure.’

But what in or out of nature is the

‘LAVA lymph, which trickles from successive galaxies,  
Still drop by drop adown the finger of God  
In the new worlds?’

Or what picture of mountains is it to describe them

‘SITTING in the magic circle, with the mutual touch  
Electric, panting from their full, deep hearts  
Beneath the influent heavens; and waiting for  
*Communion and commission?*’

It sounds far more like the description of a fat broker in his pew in church. If we were asked what then is this poem, we would say: 'It is more than twelve thousand lines of blank verse, hopelessly obscure, and we fear that the beauties occupy to the language the relative position of the classical needle in the haystack. - - - We have heretofore spoken, in well-deserved terms of cordial praise, of the *Domestic Landscape Compositions of Mr. Jerome Thompson*. Two of these, of a large size, are now, and have been for nearly a year, upon the burin of one of our first line-engravers. Of these 'we shall see what we shall see' when they come before the public. We trust and believe that our judgment 'thereanent' will be sustained. Mr. THOMPSON has now upon his easel a large landscape, which he has christened '*Recreation*.' It is an exceedingly beautiful picture; full of summer feeling; full of distant mountain-glories; full of love and appreciation of nature; with a group in the fore-ground, replete with the true *sentiment* of the entire scene, of which we can only hope to speak hereafter; the whole being quite too 'suggestive' to be dispatched in a mere hasteful reference like the present. - - - NEXT Summer, if it pleases God to spare our life and health, it is our purpose to visit the lovely valley of the Wyoming,

which in the following communication is presented to us under a new phase :

'Tired of the dusty town, I resolved, in the heat of last summer, to pay a visit to the beautiful valley of Wyoming, where I had spent some of my school-days. And in order to heighten, by a double contrast, my enjoyment of the scene, I approached it by that route which has been fitly called the shades of Death, where the traveller, after passing through dreary swamps and jungles, and climbing a rugged mountain still inhabited by bears and wolves, suddenly looks down on a cultivated landscape, the most charming in America. Taking my leave of the stage-coach, I ascended a small eminence near the road-side, known as Prospect-Rock, from which I could see the whole valley at once, spread out like a great picture before me, with its double wall of mountains, its gracefully-winding river, its large meadows and gentle slopes, its elegant country-seats, its romantic villages, its groves, its orchards, its gardens, its tropical wealth of green. As I sat surveying the familiar prospect at leisure, with a cool breeze to fan me, and an overhanging branch of cedar to shield me from the sun, I unconsciously fell into a sort of dream, in which I saw reproduced, on the historical ground before me, the scenes of days long past.

'In fancy I saw the valley as it was seen by the first white men that looked down upon it from the mountains, over-spread with a dense wilderness, out of which rose here and there a faint wisp of smoke, proving that it had tenants, wild and untutored, without doubt, yet part of the great vaunting race that stole fire from Heaven.

'I looked again, and the wilderness was broken ; the dweller in wigwams had retired to the mountain gorges : in the bottom of the valley the white man built his artistic house, and the soil, still rough with the stubble of the forest, waved luxuriously with its virgin wheat-crops. As the ploughshare followed the axe, the view insensibly dissolved into another more mellow and refined, the truth of that lovely picture which the poet CAMPBELL drew in his GERTRUDE.

'I looked again, and lo ! the wild lords of the wood, alarmed at this intrusion on their native domains, had returned in anger to punish it. I saw a small band go forth in the morning to meet them, and fight like those who would defend their hearth-stones, and lives dearer than their own, yet overpowered by numbers and routed sorely. I saw the ruthless victor at noon break into the fort where the helpless had been left, and there line his belt with the scalps of women and children. At eve I saw the whole valley a-blaze, and heard the low wail of the scattered fugitives who had escaped from the massacre of the day, now clambering up the mountain-sides by the light of their burning homes. Thus did the wild man express his resentment ; and thus, even as his custom was, did he forfeit the remembrance of whatever right he had, by avenging his wrongs too cruelly.

'A little while and he, in his turn, was swept unto destruction. Then white men returned to till the soil which had been enriched by the blood of their kindred. The fields which had lain fallow until the wilderness had began to re-conquer them, were cleared anew ; cottages sent up their smoke again from every glen and hill side ; villages began to appear ; and still as I gazed on the scene, the thrift of a virtuous tenantry continued to improve and adorn it, until it became a garden. Such had I known it in boyhood, and it seemed still unchanged.

'O happy valley !' I exclaimed, as my dream brightened into the joyous reality before me. 'Here at last is a place where the muses may haunt, albeit in America. Here the grand in nature is wedded to the beautiful. Here is the associa-

tion of ancestry and heroic deeds, and things already immortalized in song. Here is rustic refinement worthy the tuneful hills of pastoral Arcadia. Here is a spiritual air, where business has not entered with his tainting breath, and his disenchanting sights and sounds.'

'Just as I spoke, my ears were violated by an unearthly noise, proceeding from a moving object which, had it suddenly burst into some valley of Phocis in ancient days, as it now burst before my eyes into the valley of Wyoming, would, I verily believe, have frightened away all the fawns from the woods, and hushed the nine muses on Parnassus; such an infernal machine it was that came driving furiously on with a rousing din and clatter, puffing and panting; anon, stopping near a village, just long enough to bury it up in a cloud of smoke and ashes, it set off again with a frightful howl, like the bellowing of ten thousand bulls, smothering the echoes, and in a few minutes it was out of sight and hearing again.

'As soon as my astonished senses had realized what they had seen, I felt something of the same disappointment which honest RIP VAN WINKLE must have felt, when, after a sleep of twenty years, he woke up to find himself fallen behind the times. I descended the mountain with less romantic sentiments, but with a better understanding of the genius of my country. A rail-road through Wyoming! O sublime! O ridiculous!'

Our thought, exactly! - - - THESE graceful and timely lines reach us from an old contributor to these pages:

'THE black storm howls — but in the bleakest there are sheltered nooks where we scarce feel its influence. A belt of trees — all the better if evergreen — an abrupt hill-side, or even a huge, bare rock, break the force of the blast, and protect a limited space from the fury of the tempest. So it is in life; in its saddest trials there are sheltering nooks where we may hide and find a respite. A happy home plants an evergreen hedge on the windward side of man's life, turning aside the force of many a heavy sorrow, and giving many a day of serenity and joy when the world is wintry around it. A firm religious hope lifts the everlasting hills of God's providence high about the believer; his lot is in the quiet valley which the storm cannot reach; his peace flows as a river, for his treasure and his heart are alike secure in Heaven. A faithful friend is a sheltering rock — its shadow a refreshing in the day of prosperity, and a protection in the night of adversity. Oh! this stormy world is not all storm; in its darkest day there is a glimmer of the light beyond the cloud; from its fiercest blast there is a wall of defence, a shelter to protect us. Friends, home, and Heaven give life its purest joys; they pour sun-shine on our else ever-clouded pathway.'

WE are sorry for 'Mrs. STUBBINS;' but what can *we* do about it? The match was none of *our* making.

'It is a notorious fact that I never can work myself into excessive inspiration or eloquence, when the younger half-dozen of my offspring are playing hide-and-seek behind my chair, neither do my thoughts flow so freely when a hand-organ and tamborine are grinding and clattering under my window; but there is one annoyance much worse than either. It is summed up in two words — just ten letters — Mr. STUBBINS!

'How I happened to become possessed of this eternal nuisance, deponent saith not; indeed I do not know as it is any one's business to inquire; but I will say, for the detriment of a certain fortune-teller, Miss STEPIFAST, now running loose over

the country, and for the benefit of those by her enticed, that when she made out, in my 'destiny,' JEREMIAH STUBBINS to be the foreordained partner of my joys and sorrows, and having consulted the stars, further prophesied that said JEREMIAH STUBBINS would understand and encourage all my intellectual proclivities — she *lied*; poetically speaking, her presentiments were unreal as shadows; philosophically, her statements were fallacious; mathematically, her calculations were incorrect; politely, she was mistaken. Of this I have constant and indubitable proof; although I have sometimes charitably exculpated Miss STEPIFAST; she might innocently have made a blunder in regard to the planets, placing mine in undue proximity to that of Mr. STUBBINS.

'Good Heavens! JEREMIAH STUBBINS' mental integrality par value with mine; when he never read a line of the immortal SLAPENJACK, or THIMBLERIG; nor a poem of the pathetic SLICER, or BLUECOTTLES; never wrote an article for the '*Squabbletown Flambergaster*,' nor praised any that I contributed thereto! But these are negative proofs. I come next to positive ones — the overwhelming trials of my existence.

'SCENE FIRST; for the benefit of connoisseur artists: Room, back one of the whole suite, vulgarly named kitchen. Curtain rises: I am reclining *negligé* on an elegant chintz-covered lounge, with the auburn hair thrown off my brow. An indefinite number of cherubs (without wings) bending under the weight of bricks, blocks, and hammers for carpentering operations, in the fore-ground and back-ground. I am engaged in writing my two-volume novel, that is to give me to Fame.

'I had been thus occupied for the space of half an hour, and was just elaborating the character of the heroine DIANA, (the plot was not laid in Ephesus, but this DIANA I meant should be after the Ephesian model, of which I had once seen a wood-cut,) and I was preparing somewhat for her to say, on accepting her lover DEMETRIUS, when in came Mr. STUBBINS. My hope of success was slightly shaken, but I scratched away vigorously. Heard Mr. STUBBINS grumbling because the dinner-dishes were not washed, and the boot-jack had got in the water-pail; at which I roused slightly, told him to spread the boot-jack out to dry, and wash the dishes himself, which things he proceeded to do. I took a long breath. 'Now,' thought I, 'I shall have peace.' But that was at a discount. This masculine BRIDGET had not been long at the sink, before you would have imagined the dishes had an ague fit, such a commotion arose among them. Still I wrote on: 'Thou joy of all joys! king of ——' tremendous crash! STUBBINS, baby, and gridiron, all on the floor together. Baby screeched from fright. STUBBINS took it and began to walk the floor in those huge cow-hide boots of his. Squeak! squeak! squeak! 'Good gracious!' said I. 'Do sit down!' He sat down and tilted the child in a chair without rockers. Bump! bump! bump! jarring the whole room. Here I remonstrated, and urged the necessity of quiet to the successful prosecution of my literary labors; when Mr. STUBBINS put ARABELLA down, meekly returned to his dishes, looking extremely puzzled, and clumsily hitting his boots against every thing in his attempts to navigate.'

THE following 'business-scene' from '*Never too Late to Mend*' is scarcely excelled by any thing from the pen of DICKENS:

'MEADOWS found Mr. CLINTON at PEEL'S.

'MR. CLINTON, I want a man of intelligence to be at my service for twenty-four hours. I give you the first offer, Sir.'

'MR. CLINTON replied that really he had so many irons in the fire, that twenty-four hours —'



'MEADOWS put a fifty-pound note on the table.

'Will all your irons iron you out fifty pounds as flat as that?'

'Why, hem?'

'No, nor five. Come, Sir, sharp is the word. Can you be my servant for twenty-four hours for fifty pounds? yes or no!'

'Why, this is dramatic — yes!'

'It is half-past two. Between this and four o'clock I must buy a few hundred acres in Australia a fair bargain.'

'Humph! Well, that can be done. I know an old fellow that has land in every part of the globe.'

'Take me to him.'

In ten minutes they were in one of those dingy narrow alleys in the city of London that look the abode of decent poverty, and they could afford to buy Grosvenor Square for their stables; and Mr. CLINTON introduced his friend to a blear-eyed merchant in a large room papered with maps; the windows were incrustated, mustard and cress might have been grown from them. Beauty in clean linen collar and wristbands would have shone here with intolerable lustre; but the blear-eyed merchant did not come out bright by contrast; he had taken the local color. You could see him, and that was all, like a partridge in a furrow; a snuff-colored man; coat rusty all but the collar, and that greasy; poor as its color was, his linen had thought it worth emulating; blackish nails, cotton wipe, little bald place on head, but did n't shine for the same reason the windows did n't. Mr. CLINTON approached this 'dhirtry money,' this rusty coin, in the spirit of funkism.

'Sir,' said he in a low reverential tone, 'this party is disposed to purchase a few hundred acres in the colonies.'

Mr. RICH looked up from his desk and pointed with a sweep of his pen to the walls.

There are the maps: the red crosses are my land. They are numbered. Refer to the margin of map and you will find the acres and the latitude and longitude calculated to a fraction. When you have settled in what part of the world you buy, come to me again; time is gold.'

And the blear-eyed merchant wrote, and sealed, and filed, and took no notice of his customers. They found red crosses in several of the United States, in Canada, in Borneo, in nearly all the colonies, and as luck would have it, they found one small cross within thirty miles of Bathurst, and the margin described it as five hundred acres. Mr. MEADOWS stepped toward the desk.

'I have found a small property near Bathurst.'

'Bathurst? where is that?'

'In Australia.'

'Suit?'

'If the price suits. What is the price, Sir?'

'The books must tell us that.'

Mr. RICH stretched out his arm and seized a ledger and gave it MEADOWS.

'I have but one price for land, and that is five per cent profit on my out-lay. Book will tell you what it stands me in: add five per cent to that, and take the land away or leave it.'

With this curt explanation Mr. RICH resumed his work.

'It seems you gave five shillings an acre, Sir,' said Mr. CLINTON. 'Five times five hundred shillings, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Interest at five per cent, six pounds five.'

'When did I buy it?' asked Mr. RICH.

'Oh! when did you buy it, Sir?'

Mr. RICH snatched the book a little pettishly and gave it to MEADOWS.

'You make the calculation,' said he; 'the figures are all there. Come to me when you have made it.'

The land had been bought twenty-seven years and some months ago. Mr. MEADOWS made the calculation in a turn of the hand, and announced it. RICH rang a hand-bell. Another snuffly figure, with a stoop and a bald head and a pen came through a curtain.

'JONES, verify that calculation.'

'Penny half-penny two pence, penny half-penny two pence. Mum, mum! Half-penny wrong, Sir.'

'There is a half-penny wrong,' cried Mr. RICH to MEADOWS with a most injured air.

'There is, Sir,' said MEADOWS, 'but it is on the right side for you. I thought I would make it even money against myself.'

'There are only two ways, wrong and right,' was the reply. 'JONES, make it right. There, that is the price for the next half-hour; after business hours to-day add a day's interest; and, JONES, if he does not buy, write your calculation into the book with date — save time next customer comes for it.'

'You need not trouble Mr. JONES,' said MEADOWS. 'I take the land. Here is two hundred and fifty pounds — that is rather more than half the purchase-money.'



'Jones, count.'

'When can I have the deeds, Sir?'

'Ten to-morrow.'

'Receipt for two hundred and fifty pounds,' said MEADOWS, falling into the other's key.

'JONES, write receipt — two, five, naught.'

'Write me an agreement to sell,' proposed MEADOWS.

'No, you write it; I'll sign it. JONES, enter transaction in the books. Have you any thing to do, young gentleman?' addressing CLINTON.

'No, Sir.

'Then draw this pen through the two crosses on the map and margin. Good morning, gentlemen.

'And the money-making machine rose and dismissed them as he had received them, with a short sharp business congé.

'Ye fair, who turn a shop head over heels, maul sixty yards of ribbon and buy six, which being sent home, insatiable becomes your desire to change it for other six which you had fairly, closely, and with all the powers of your mind, compared with it during the seventy minutes the purchase occupied, let me respectfully inform you that the above business took just eight minutes, and that 'when it was done, 't was done.'

Is n't that graphic 'to a degree?' - - 'The Parlor Magazine,' of New-Orleans, with which we are for the first time made acquainted, by the number for January, now upon our table, both in its editorial direction, and in its typographical excellence, seems to us to be a Magazine which ought at once to elicit encouragement and secure success. It is well edited, by Mrs. V. E. WILHELMINE McCORD; well printed upon excellent paper; and numbers among its correspondents many distinguished writers, male and female, of our country. We thumb-nailed the subjoined passages, taken entirely at random, at which we something *more* than 'glanced' in passing. We *indicate*, rather than *cite* them; because we desire the reader to find in the Magazine itself the articles whence they proceed. The first conveys an idea of '*A Sister's Love*,' which is as terse as it is eloquent:

'A LADY who has lately lost a brother by death, writes us in a vein of touching sadness, to which many afflicted hearts will respond: 'I cannot tell you how deeply I am stricken by this sudden bereavement. Day after day I stand, gazing after him, stretching out my hands toward the unknown shore — calling on him for some assurance that he still *is*, and not lost forever; but all in vain; and the beautiful faith of my life reels under the first stroke. God forgive me; but I cannot help uttering, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' Were the world mine, I would give it, to be reassured on this one point, upon which never in my life before has fallen the shadow of a doubt.' Ah! mourning sister, that skeptical question which now tortures you, and has tortured millions of bleeding hearts, was answered to the weeping sisters of Bethany, once and for all.'

The second is a tribute to the potent influence of a small current 'piece of peewter' of 'these United 'n States 'n,' that cannot be resisted:

'O ALMIGHTY DOLLAR! worshipped of the universe — pride of the rich, and hope of the poor — friend of the scoundrel, and enemy of the scholar! O divine dollar! to whom altars are erected in every land, and whose pale suppliants address thy throne in one continuous yell of supplication; sought at the Boreal pole; pursued under the Louisianian sun; snatched from the very pocket of yellow fever, or wrested from the regions of the Esquimaux! O omnipotent dollar! who hast presided over the sacrifice of maiden modesty, and made the visage of the hoary lecher look beautiful and bright; hast seen the knife of thy desperate votary fleshed in the breast of a sleeping victim, while honor, virtue, courage, truth, and all the fairest attributes of humanity, have been piled at thy altar's foot, as offerings of love; and hast weighed down the boat of

CHARON with thy golden burden, as he ferried the souls who worshipped thee in life to the regions of wailing and sorrow — over the entrance of which the Florentine read the fatal '*lasciate speranza!*' Most potent dollar!

The 'almighty Dollar' is Mr. IRVING's phrase. - - - We all know what a winter we have had, in *this* part, at least of the 'Empire State.' It shall be our province to present a picture of the same, (already painted and 'drying in full color,' as the artists term it,) in our next number. We would really rather do this a month hence for the sake of *contrast* — for it will be *warm* then; and we (our friend Captain HULSE and 'OLD KNICK') can describe our perils on the Hudson River; our dangers on the ice; our delivery thence; our being '*sold*' (not into slavery, exactly, but *saved* at any rate,) for 'what we were worth,' without insurance! - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Norwich (Conn.) sends us this legitimate specimen of '*Hibernian Logic*':

'MICK CASEY used to 'tend' in 'CAREW's Grocery' on the corner. SMITH (you know SMITH?) went in the other day after some 'fixins', and among the rest, called for a gallon of molasses. There was about a pint in the measure, when MICK commenced drawing, and after filling it he poured into SMITH's vessel until about a pint was left, as before, in the measure, and then set it down under the cask.

'Hallo!' says SMITH, 'what are you about? Why do n't you put in a gallon, as I ordered?'

'A gallon is it, Sur! An' sure an' there's that much in the jug,' replied MICK.

'Of course SMITH would never believe this, as there was a pint left in the measure; and he 'made no bones' of accusing MICK of attempting to cheat him.

'Sur,' asked MICK, 'was n't there a pint in the measure?'

'Yes.'

'Well, thin, there's the same now!'

'Yes.'

'Well, thin, shure an' ye have all that belongs to yez, for did n't I draw the measure full and put it in the jug?'

'No: there's a *pint left!*'

'The devil, Sur! an' was n't that pint *there before!* Get yerself out of the store, ye specimen of maneness, to be after chatin' a lad out of a pint of molasses!'

'SMITH 'left,' being utterly unable to convince MICK of the 'error of his ways.'

Be jabbers! — 'convince' an Irishman! - - - In the brief sub-section of our familiar chit-chat which ensues, we desire to be considered as *trying* to express 'many things in a few words;' in *short*, to *condense* honorable praise in *words*, which might well be extended to as many pages, and yet not exceed a proper meed of commendation. We desire to say that we have not encountered any series of works in this country, which, in beauty of typography, excellence of paper, fineness of engraving in the illustrations, and careful revision and editorship, compare with *Messrs. E. H. Butler and Company's Illustrated Poetical Works of Goldsmith, Campbell, Thomson and Macaulay*. Nothing so nearly resembling (not in the size, of course, but in the excellence of the features we have indicated) CADELL's matchless edition of the Waverley novels, has ever appeared in this country. The works above-named, and others of a kindred character from the same house, are better, rarer gift-books, than New-Year's or Christmas afford; while they are indispensable to every well-ordered library. - - - At

the annual commencement of the South-Carolina College at Columbia, S. C., writes a Southern correspondent, 'HON. WILLIAM C. PRESTON, formerly President of the College, arrived on the platform after all the seats were occupied. As the distinguished Ex-Senator and Ex-President 'noble, gifted, and worthy,' ascended the stage, with blanched locks, attenuated person, and tottering steps, Mr. YEADON, of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, vacated his chair, and tendered it to the old man eloquent, who accepted, and Mr. YEADON, there being no vacant seat, sat down at the feet of Mr. PRESTON. HON. JOHN S. PRESTON, who was also on the stage, brother of the Ex-Senator, immediately rose, and with much earnestness urged Mr. YEADON to occupy his (Col. P.'s) seat; but our courtly editor declined the courtesy, adding: 'I prefer sitting at the feet of GAMALIEL.' Thereupon PRESTON replied, with that happy eloquence which all who have known so well remember: 'Ah! Sir, I see you are emulous of St. PAUL.' - - - The prediction which we made in these pages, at the time of the laying of the corner-stone of the '*Rockland County Female Institute*,' at Nyack, on the Hudson, is already more than fulfilled. That institution is even now a complete success. A notice of the proceedings at the 'opening' in August, and especially of the comprehensive and eloquent addresses of HON. M. G. LEONARD, PROFESSOR HOWARD CROSBY, of the New-York University, and REV. B. VAN ZANDT, Principal of the Institute, on that occasion, was, we regret to say, crowded out of the number of the KNICKERBOCKER in which its appearance would have been timely: and although still in type, we prefer, instead of going back so far, to say *now*, that the 'Institute' is not in the 'full tide of successful *experiment*.' There is no 'experiment' about it; it is in the full tide of successful *operation*. It numbered at once some sixty-five pupils, and this number is gradually increasing, at a season of the year when few similar schools increase at all. A brief vacation exists at present: but the INSTITUTE will assemble all its inmates in two weeks from 'this present writing.' No more convenient, picturesque, healthful situation, or a more complete edifice, for its purpose, can be found in all the State—we might indeed say, in the Union. And this same Institute is the generous donation of a 'wide-souled heart-nobleman,' (to use a German phrase of SCHILLER,) who, although recently departed from among us, leaves his revered memory, and something more, behind him. Even as we write, we see a bequest from his hand of *twenty-five thousand dollars* to our 'House of Industry' at the Five Points, and in all, previously, to the 'House' and its faithful Superintendent, Rev. Mr. PEASE, seven thousand five hundred dollars more. Long remembered and honored be the name of SIMON V. SICKLES! - - - THE PALMER MARBLES still remain on exhibition over Dr. CHAPIN's church, 548 Broadway. The severe cold, and almost impossible walking, has prevented thousands from seeing them, who would have done so under more favorable circumstances. We are glad to learn that they will remain in the city some time longer, and we will only say that every person who does not pay them one visit, will miss a view of the most beautiful collection of marbles ever exhibited in this city. Strangers will find the place readily, it being between the St. Nicholas and Metro-

opolitan Hotels. - - - 'HA! HA! HA!' Well, we could n't help it. In the silence of the sanctum, broken only by a broken simile, (sounding like a man speaking 'broken china' in a voice like the tearing of a strong rag,) we read this second line of the eighth stanza of the poem addressed to the EDITOR by a cherished friend on page 294:

'A loaf for her had been a crumb.'

It will of course be understood that our friend meant *exactly the other way*: to wit, that 'a *crumb* to her would have been a *loaf*.' - - - THIS particular department of the KNICKERBOCKER, for the present month of March, is *more than two-thirds* filled with matter which was in readiness for our February number. When we mention the fact, that our first three numbers of a volume are always stereotyped, and that the next three are 'letter-press,' printers and publishers, if not our general readers, will understand that '*necessity* is laid upon us' to 'print, lose, or re-print' what we have in type. Elsewhere we have mentioned the unexpected circumstances connected with what we here briefly advert to. - - - THE opera under the direction of Monsieur STRAKOSCH, has thus far been very successful. PARODI has won new laurels in every character in which she has appeared. The opera of *Norma* we have never seen better done. Madame PATTI STRAKOSCH sung and acted the part of *Adalgisa* charmingly. She made a delightful impression on all who heard her. The debut of Madame DE WILHORST created quite a sensation in 'upper-ten-dom,' and she received a warm welcome to her new sphere. - - - SOME lines entitled '*The Widow to the Bride*,' which not being designated as 'selected' we infer to be original in '*The Churchman's Monthly Magazine*,' strike us as being imbued with deep feeling:

'I saw thee wedded, lady,  
At the altar's holy side,  
As with roses 'mid thy shining hair,  
Thou stood'st a happy bride;  
The soft light o'er that joyous band,  
A tender radiance shed,  
While priestly word and marriage-ring,  
Proclaimed thee duly wed.

'I saw thee wedded, lady,  
With the love-light on thy brow,  
And I heard thy low-breathed whisper  
Of the holy marriage vow:  
And by the quick pulsation  
In my bosom's inmost core,  
I knew thy heart was throbbing  
As it ne'er had throbb'd before.

'I saw thee wedded, lady,  
And my thoughts went roving back  
To a bridal day which long ago,  
Illumed life's sunny track:  
When like thyself, I vowed to love,  
Through weal and wo, for life,  
And with the golden circlet claimed  
That sweetest name — a wife.

'Oh! marvel not, if 'mid the smiles  
That graced thy nuptial hour,  
Mine eyes were wet with bitter tears,  
Which fell like summer shower:  
It was not envy of thy lot,  
Nor sorrow at thy bliss:  
I would not that thy cup of joy,  
One shining drop should miss.

'But oh! 't was memory, MEMORY's power,  
Which thus my spirit bowed:  
I knelt again as once I knelt,  
And vowed as once I vowed:  
Methought I stood as thou didst stand,  
The loved one by my side;  
Then looked upon my darkened robes,  
The widowed, not the bride!

'Yet, lady, though my heart was sad,  
As sad it oft must be,  
Heaven's best and holiest benison  
'T would still call down on thee.  
Joy to the bride! Love's brightest wreath  
For thee may true love twine,  
And be thy wedded life as blest,  
And oh! less brief than mine.'